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PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE renewed agitation for Parliamentary Reform is judiciously timed. At least three-fourths of the members of the House of Commons conscientiously believe that a large extension of the constituent body would be detrimental to the best interests of the country; but the whole of the Liberal party, and the majority of the Conservatives, pledged themselves at the last election to support a Reform Bill, and they are well aware that, after the approaching dissolution, they may be called to account for the resolute inaction of Parliament. The Opposition candidates will be saved from much sophistry and embarrassment by the simple process of taking the bull by the horns. They will admit, in more or less circuitous language, that they made a mistake, and they will intimate their decided intention not to repeat the blunder. They had fancied that reforming doctrines had become as indispensable a condition of office as acquiescence in free trade; and, as it was neither their wish nor their duty to abdicate their share in the government of the country, they preferred even rivalry in Reform to the helplessness which attaches to political nonjurors. It seems that even their most experienced advisers believed in the practical sincerity of the Liberals, if not in their internal convictions. The objections which proved fatal to Mr. DISRAELI's experiment in Reform had failed to dissipate the general illusion, and it was still expected that Lord JOHN RUSSELL's alternative project would receive the unanimous support of his political allies. As soon as the long-expected Bill was introduced, it appeared that all parties were nearly of one mind, and their harmonious opinions were as nearly as possible the reverse of their unanimous professions. There is a story of a subaltern, or it may be of a curate, who informed his friend that he was engaged to dine with His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, or, in the clerical form of the legend, with His Grace the Archbishop. "How luckily it happens," was the reply, "that I also am invited, for I will call at your lodgings, and we can go together." After several untenable excuses for declining the proposed arrangement, the first speaker was obliged to confess that he was not going to the great man's dinner. "Are you not?" said his friend; "no more am I." The present Government and its supporters had long suspected, with sufficient reason, that their opponents were not likely to take their seats at the Reform banquet. The secret of their own engagements was better kept, and the discovery that the feast was altogether fictitious surprised the baffled Conservatives. Those who remember the Session of 1860 are well aware of the manner in which Lord JOHN RUSSELL's project was smothered. Every Liberal critic who took part in the debate retained his former enthusiasm for abstract Reform, but he was unfortunately dissatisfied with the details of the only Bill which could have effected his object. Under the condemnation of the faintest possible praise the Bill lingered till the beginning of the summer, and then the House was disappointed to find that there was no time to pass a measure which had gone through the formality of a second reading without a division.

The withdrawal of the Bill, and the subsequent refusal to resume the discussion, expressed more clearly and more credibly than words the genuine opinion of Parliament. Many members had been hasty and insincere in their language on the hustings, but when they deliberately repented they were obviously actuated by a sense of public duty. Most of them would have derived popularity and personal advantage from obstinate persistence in error, and they would at least have been secure from the taunts of their few Radical colleagues. The present House of Commons is undeniably guilty of inconsistency, but on the question of Reform it has displayed unusual honesty and patriotism. It might be a sin to swear at the general election to commit a sin, but the greater sin of keeping the sinful oath has not been incurred. It remains to

be seen whether, on the eve of a new election, similar firmness will be maintained. HERODIAS naturally takes the opportunity of demanding, at Bradford and elsewhere, the fulfilment of an ancient promise, and perhaps the next House of Commons may be persuaded to decapitate the existing Constitution. It is true that much may be said in favour of Reform, and that an opinion which is unfashionable among the educated classes is not necessarily a crime. It can only be affirmed with certainty that whatever reforming zeal may be exhibited in the ensuing Session will be the insincere result of selfish motives. The honest Reformers who addressed the late meeting at Bradford are fully aware that those who share their opinions in the House form an insignificant minority. Mr. FORSTER drew the inference that no change in the representative system is likely to be effected while Lord PALMERSTON remains in office. Mr. BAINES is perhaps a better tactician when he recommends a vigorous pressure on Government and on the House, preparatory to the dissolution. As it is the interest of Reformers to force members to say what they notoriously cannot think, it is prudent to accompany the interrogatory with visible intimidation. It is possible that a hundred members may approve of Mr. BAINES's Bill, and two hundred and forty voted for the second reading in the last Session. An impending election will probably secure at least fifty additional converts.

Personal arguments, though practically effective, have little influence on opinion. In substance, they often depend on an individual weakness, and they are intended to produce a continuance in error. When the younger son in the parable went, after all, to work in the field, his idle companions probably ridiculed the infirmity of purpose which had led him to retract his original defiance. It is natural that Sir FRANCIS CROSSLEY should regard a broken pledge as a breach of a binding contract with the people; but the primary duty of a member of Parliament is to consult the interests of the country, and the House of Commons has in this respect performed its proper function to the best of its maturer judgment. The reasons which have influenced its change of opinion or of conduct are sufficiently forcible to deserve an answer which was not provided at Bradford. The enfranchisement of a new and larger constituency is equivalent to the disfranchisement of the present voters, or at least of the higher and more intelligent portion of their body. It is perfectly true that many of those who stand outside are fully on a level with some of the privileged community within; but the Reformers suggest no method of discriminating between those who are entitled to admission and the multitude which will burst promiscuously in as soon as the doors of the Constitution are opened. Lord GREY, Mr. BUXTON, and several writers on moderate reform, have exercised their ingenuity in imagining contrivances for mitigating the impending danger. Mr. FORSTER and his friends are perhaps justified in their objection to elaborate devices, but they disregard the doubts and difficulties which weigh with their more thoughtful opponents. Fancy franchises, cumulative votes, and schemes for the representation of minorities, are designed as palliatives of the evils which are likely to ensue from the establishment of a pure democracy. The present system roughly accomplishes the same results, with the advantage of simplicity and the recommendation of actual existence. One of the Bradford resolutions affirms that it is unjust to exclude a large majority of the people from any share in what is inaccurately called self-government. There are those who hold that any Constitution is unjust, because inexpedient, which is not administered by a minority. As Mr. BAINES's Bill would still exclude a large majority from the suffrage, it appears that the West Riding would not be content with a 10*l.* franchise in counties and a 6*l.* franchise in boroughs.

The leaders of the movement are probably more interested in counting their resources than in meeting the arguments of their opponents. They are sanguine in their hopes of advantage

from a general election, but their main reliance is on their expected chief. Mr. FORSTER informs the country that, if it does its duty, it "shall" not be forsaken by Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. BAINES, in a fit of poetical enthusiasm, longs to hear the "silver trumpet voice of GLADSTONE" exerted in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. Although it is not improbable that his hopes may be realized, the silver trumpet has thus far emitted an uncertain sound. During the debates on Lord DERBY'S Reform Bill, it performed a fantasia in honour of small boroughs, and it is only of late that it has uttered the loud note of universal suffrage blended with the rights of man. The Yorkshire Reformers are well advised in professing a confidence which may probably tend to justify itself; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority may, for the present, be as fairly cited by the strongest antagonists of Reform. His ultimate decision will perhaps be modified by the progress of a discussion which has scarcely recommenced. If it should appear that the future House of Commons is opposed to democratic theories, an expectant Prime Minister will probably think that the rights of man must be postponed to a more favourable opportunity. Sir F. CROSSLEY confesses, with generous candour, that he was mistaken in the judgment which he had formed of his political adversaries before he made their acquaintance. Mr. FORSTER would rather convince the House of Commons than carry his favourite measure by a display of force, nor can Mr. STANSFELD or Mr. BAINES be accused of violence or unfairness. If the advocates of Reform will take the trouble to argue the question on its merits, it is not impossible that some tolerable compromise may be discovered.

THE FRENCH THWAITES.

THERE is no point upon which the French and English systems of government exhibit their differences in more forcible contrast than in the civic administration of the two capitals. In M. HAUSSMANN, the French Préfet of the Seine, the glories of a paternal government culminate. In the LORD MAYOR and Mr. THWAITES, official ministration reaches its Nadir. There are few men in France, scarcely excepting the Emperor of the FRENCH, who would have dared to vituperate, not in special points, but as a whole, the Paris which for nearly three generations has been unquestioned king-maker, and which is still every Frenchman's darling ideal of all that the earth contains of happiness or beauty. We in England are not very fond of London. Most Englishmen, even those who are compelled to be constantly in London, look upon it as a grimy and dismal necessity, in which life can only be made tolerable by trying to forget that there is such a thing as open air or sky. But, however much London and the Londoners may be despised, even by some among themselves, we cannot imagine such a speech as that of M. HAUSSMANN proceeding from Mr. THWAITES or the LORD MAYOR. It is not that either of those worthies would be likely to lose his place as a consequence of such an indiscretion; indeed, the LORD MAYOR, for his fixed and unalterable term of office, is as independent as the judges. But they are officials eminently of the English type. They are well kept in order, have a salutary fear of the newspapers, and always speak and act, not as if they were in any sense rulers, but as the well-chastened servants of a watchful and somewhat capricious master. M. HAUSSMANN has turned Paris upside down, scored it with streets, and bored it with subways until he feels no more scruple at deriding the human beings who are the subject-matter for the experiments of what he calls his "ædility" than an agriculturist would in grumbling at the geological constituents of his farm. Our own metropolitan authorities have been so battered between the attacks of the ratepayers on the one side, and the House of Commons on the other, that they have become very sceptical whether they have any opinions of their own, and are only hoping to creep through their official lives in peaceful and forgotten inaction.

The comparison is not entirely in favour of the Englishmen. The stoutest stickler for the doctrines of self-government recoils from the representation of his own ideal which he finds in the government of London, especially when he compares it with the realization of the opposite idea in Paris. M. HAUSSMANN may have a weakness for small thunder, and be too fond of parading himself as the NAPOLEON of bricks and mortar, but his government of Paris is really a magnificent piece of despotism. Mr. THWAITES may be pliant, elastic, unresisting—flying as lightly as a feather before the popular breeze, dancing with the helpless agility of a shuttlecock upon the battledores of Whitehall or of Printing-House Square. But his "ædility" is the reign of a prosaic chaos, in which even the poetry and the picturesqueness of disorder have been lost.

M. HAUSSMANN spends his money like a prince, and rather rejoices to run the iron of taxation deep into the soul of the refractory Parisians. There is something ineffably magnificent in the contempt with which he casts out the weak suggestions of some niggardly theorists who have dared to propose to him a reduction of the city dues. His milch-cow thrives under his skilful hands. The taxation is heavy, but, without any additional impost, the yield grows beyond expectation from year to year. Enormous public works have been constructed; splendid streets have been opened; the very area of the city has been extended. In point of drainage, and water supply, everything has been absolutely reconstructed. Churches have been built, schools founded, hospitals enlarged, distress more liberally relieved, the estimates of civic expenditure are rising at every point, and yet Paris is richer and more prosperous than ever. The revenue is increasing, and far more than balances the expenditure; the civic debt is being steadily extinguished; and yet the assistance received by the city from the State has been trivial in amount—less, in proportion to its taxation, than has been accorded to the provinces. Nor has this been done by thrusting the poor outside the walls, or by any undue pressure on their resources. Statistics show that the numbers of the lowest class within the city bounds are on the increase; and the steady fall of the death-rate shows that the sanitary improvements are practical, and not simply theoretical, and that the room which has been gained for streets of palaces has not been procured by the overcrowding of the poor. The figures of French statisticians are generally trustworthy, and there is no reason to doubt those which M. HAUSSMANN has printed at such elaborate length in the *Moniteur*. Every Londoner knows how deeply contrasted would be the tale that Mr. THWAITES would have to tell, if he were compelled to give the same kind of account. The death-rate is rising, and has been rising for some time. The thoroughfares are impassable, and no improvements (above ground) are visible to the naked eye; no streets of palaces have risen up; but the poor have, nevertheless, been driven to walk for miles from their homes to their work in London, and the Metropolitan Board of Works is constantly at its wits' end for money. It is premature to pronounce upon the success or the failure of the main drainage scheme. All we know of it as yet is, that it has added another specimen to our extensive collection of epidemics, which is known by the name of "the main drainage plague." But nothing has been done to beautify the streets, nor, if we may judge by the results, to lessen the hopeless impediments to traffic. Everything is left to itself, except the collection of rates.

Is the contrast real? And, if so, are constitutional forms so much superior to Imperial forms as we have been used to think? The question has often been suggested by hasty reasoners in reference to this very matter of metropolitan improvement. But it cannot be fairly raised upon this point. In the first place, the administration of this great city is not an average specimen of constitutional government, but the most cunningly-constructed anarchy ever devised by the wit of man. Constitutional government does not necessarily mean the aggregation upon one area of management of a number of co-ordinate authorities with ill-defined powers, litigious tempers, and ample opportunities for quarrelling. Nor, again, does it mean the exclusive rule of ambitious grocers. It is unfortunate that Parliament has not courage to address itself to the task of giving municipal institutions to this great capital; and it is equally unfortunate that municipal good government is not sufficiently valued by our more independent classes to induce them to face the labour of taking a part in it. But this apathy on the part of the depositaries of power at one particular period is hardly an objection to any given form of political constitution; and if it were, it might easily be paralleled from absolutist examples. But the whole difficulty is less in the institutions than in the people who work them. We do not naturally generate good administrators in England. The climate, or the soil, or the smoke, or something that we cannot alter is unfavourable to their production. Even Imperial institutions would not produce a M. HAUSSMANN in London, any more than popular election would create a Mr. THWAITES in Paris. Suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE'S aspirations after "a revolutionary reform in our system of public works" were realized, and that, for the special benefit of London, a Prefecture of the Thames were set up, who should we have to fill it? What authority could we trust with the duty of selecting our "ædile"? There would be only two possible patrons to whom the choice could be referred—the Crown and the Prime Minister; and in either case we may form a shrewd guess at the name of the probable nominee. If the patronage were left with the Crown, Mr. COLE would be our Prefect; if it were given to

the Prime Minister, Mr. COWPER would occupy that position. Would London be much enraptured at the change? If the imagination can carry us over a few years of such a rule, should we not at the end of them be lamenting our abolished elections, and yearning for our long-lost THWAITES?

Apart from all these considerations, it must be remembered that there is something very deceptive in the energy which a newly-founded despotism is apt to show in all departments of administration. During a brief period of transition, it combines the advantages of two different types of polity. It has the men who were trained as freemen working with the mechanical and unerring unity of despotism. The despotic machine is matchless in its structure; but the materials of which it is composed are apt to be feeble, or even rotten. But, in its early years, it works with the men who have learnt energy and self-reliance under the discipline of freedom, and gives to their efforts its own perfect organisation. The evils of despotism are not tested until the generation which set it up has died off. If the present form of government should last in France, routine, apathy, corruption, sheltered from the healthy blasts of public criticism, will do their work in Paris as elsewhere. Its perfect centralisation will have engendered a perfect indifference to the welfare of the community among the mass of those who compose it. Public servants will be chosen from men who seek office for merely selfish ends, and are neither checked nor stimulated by the vigilance of their fellow-citizens; the dead weight of an immovable, and perhaps venal, bureaucracy will stifle every effort for the public good; and the exquisite machine will break down simply for want of power to drive it. But it is a mistake to look for such symptoms yet.

ITALY.

THE Italian Parliament has once more proved its aptitude for government, by accepting the transfer of the capital, although it was imposed as a humiliating condition by a foreign Sovereign. It happens that the stipulated price of the French evacuation of Rome is not a burdensome payment, but a highly profitable transaction. Many Frenchmen, a few Englishmen, and Roman Catholic priests in all parts of Europe, are in the habit of expressing their disappointment, their hopes, and their spite, by perversely designating the Italian Government as Piedmontese. A more serious inconvenience was caused by the jealousy of provinces which believed themselves to be more civilized, as they knew themselves to be richer, than the former Subalpine Kingdom. There was always some risk that, in a season of unpopularity, VICTOR EMMANUEL or his successors might be regarded as Piedmontese in the same invidious sense in which the French Leaguers denounced the Man of Bearn, and the English Jacobites the Dutchman and the Hanoverian. Perhaps, however, the most obstinate fanatics will feel the absurdity of pretending that Florence is merely the capital of Piedmont. The loyalty of the warlike race which liberated Italy is, under all circumstances, secure, and the centre and the South of the Kingdom will be better satisfied with a dynasty which has finally abandoned its provincial character. It is not impossible that the Emperor of the FRENCH may have been aware that, in requiring a change of the national capital, he was serving Italy, although it was his principal object to satisfy the jealous vanity of France. In the diplomatic controversy which originated in the studiously ambiguous language of the Convention, the Italian Government has secured the advantage of the last word, and it has reserved to itself perfect liberty of future action. It is plain that the contracting parties understood, or affected to understand, their bargain in different senses. The speakers in the Turin debates who, like MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, dwelt on the French theory of the Convention, belonged to the expiring party which still inclines to preserve for the POPE a shadow of temporal power. The more resolute patriots, like the Ministers, deliberately shut their ears to the protests and plausible arguments of the French Foreign Office. According to M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS, Florence is a permanent and final substitute for Rome. The representatives of Italy reply, without entering into a formal discussion, that the Arno lies between the Po and the Tiber.

The remarkable speech of General CIALDINI will probably have the effect of rendering the transfer of the capital almost universally popular. Since the commencement of the discussion, it has been often asserted that Turin was indefensible, and that it was therefore necessary to place the military and political centre of the Kingdom at a greater distance from the frontier. It was, however, conventionally assumed that Austria was the only possible enemy, and, as long as the alliance with France was unbroken, it was improbable that an

enemy from the Venetian frontier would advance to the foot of Mount Cenis. Signor FARINA actually recommended the retention of Turin as the capital, because it would furnish an additional guarantee of French protection. The Parliament in general perhaps suspected that the military argument was an after-thought invented to excuse a political concession; but General CIALDINI, dealing for the first time seriously with the question of defence, at the same time asserted the dignity of Italy, and proved the necessity of the proposed removal. The frontiers of Italy have, as he said, been altered by the annexation to France of Savoy and Nice. The crests of the mountains which look down on Turin are in the possession of a foreign Government which may at any time cease to be a friend, while a great nation ought to require no protector. Whatever may be the conditions of an Austrian campaign, it is evident that a French army might in two or three marches occupy Turin. NAPOLEON, indeed, declared that the possession of Italy must be fought for in the valley of the Po; but he assumed that France and Austria were the combatants, and left the Italians themselves out of his calculation. The rivers which run from the Alps to the Po form several lines of defence against an enemy advancing from the east upon Turin; but, as CIALDINI showed to demonstration, the Italian Kingdom must face the Alps and rest upon the Mediterranean. The problem is to defend Italy by Italian arms, and not by reliance on a powerful ally. In the valley of the Po, the front door is open to a foreign enemy, and the back door to a formidable friend. The natural defence of the Peninsula consists, as General CIALDINI showed, in the vast wall of the Apennines along its whole extent, from the Gulf of Genoa to Calabria. As he reminded the Senate, HANNIBAL conquered all the country beyond the mountains, and yet failed in his designs upon Rome. The implied analogy would scarcely hold if it were minutely examined, for HANNIBAL long retained undisturbed possession of Florence and of Naples; but, on the other hand, it might be said that the reinforcement which would have secured his final triumph was destroyed by NERO beyond the mountains.

By guarding a few passes, the Italian army would be safe from a land attack, and it might issue at pleasure into the valley of the Po. The only enemy which General CIALDINI could imagine in its rear would be the ludicrous little army of the POPE, for it would scarcely have suited his purpose to remind his hearers that a French invader might land with impunity at Civita Vecchia, or at any point on the coast which was still left in the possession of an anti-national Government. The military reasons in favour of Florence really preponderate, and General CIALDINI proved the sincerity of his convictions by showing that they had been formally recorded before the French Convention had been framed or imagined. For aggressive purposes, a capital ought, like Washington, to be on the frontier; for defence, it should be as carefully protected as Richmond. Apart from the Roman question, the Italians have no projects of conquest extending beyond the recovery of Venetia, and their only neighbours severally exceed them in power. The great merit and value of CIALDINI's speech consisted even more in his assertion of national independence than in his weighty professional counsels. His colleagues in the Senate could not but admit the force of his warnings when he reminded them that NAPOLEON III., although he might be the most faithful of allies, was nevertheless mortal. The leading politicians of almost all parties in France, while they are opposed to one another on domestic questions, concur in dislike to an Italy which has outgrown its dependent condition. LAMARTINE, with characteristic indirectness, plotted against CHARLES ALBERT while he pretended to threaten Austria, and the model Republican CAVAIGNAC determined on the occupation of Rome. M. DE FALLLOUX, representing the Legitimists and zealous Catholics, M. GUIZOT, who is merely hostile to liberal innovations, and perhaps M. JULES FAVRE himself, all consider that the greatness of France requires, as its supplement and correlative, the wretched subdivision of Italy. The Great Nation in its generosity insists that all surrounding States shall be positively and relatively small. The zealous adherents of the POPE have a comparatively respectable excuse for their dislike of Italian unity; but the LAMARTINES and GUIZOTS are exclusively influenced by the meanest form of national selfishness which has in modern times been assigned as a ground of political action.

M. DE LAMARTINE has, however, involuntarily performed a service to Italy by offering it, in one of his poems, the sentimental insult of calling it the Land of the Dead. The celebrity of the writer, and the answer which his challenge

provoked from a Tuscan poet of higher genius, have elevated into a symbol of national vitality the phrase which M. DE LAMARTINE used as a commonplace. General CIALDINI proudly declared that in the Land of the Dead 350,000 regular soldiers and 200 battalions of militia have risen from their tombs to protect their graveyard from the aggression of supercilious foreigners. If the financial difficulties of the Government involve a partial disarmament, it will not be impossible to continue the process of training the nation for war by a military organization like that of Prussia. The Kingdom already comprises a population of 22,000,000, and General CIALDINI ridiculed with reason the obsolete saying that the Italians never fight. General LAMORICIÈRE, who was the author of the phrase, subsequently became a prisoner of war to an Italian enemy, after the combat of Castel Fidardo. The acceptance of the Convention, and the consequent transfer of the capital, were certain from the beginning of the debates; but General CIALDINI has the merit of converting an apparent humiliation into an assertion of national dignity and a pledge of future triumphs. His arguments are especially acceptable to foreign well-wishers of the Italian cause, although they were exclusively addressed to his own countrymen. No reasonable Englishman would wish or advise Italy to repudiate the obligations to France which have perhaps been only partially discharged by the forced surrender of Savoy and Nice. It is the true policy of the Italian Government to cultivate the good will of France, but exclusive alliances are inconsistent with independence, and they repel the sympathies of other nations. The absolute reliance of Italy on French support is the more inexpedient because the great majority of the clergy in France, being devoted to the Court of Rome, are essentially hostile to Italy. The present EMPEROR, though he dislikes and despises the Ultramontane party, has sometimes been forced to court the priests for the purpose of using for his own benefit their influence with a part of the rural population; and his successors will probably be weaker, and therefore more often at the mercy of factions and of religious or political combinations. As long as Italy sees in the POPE its inveterate enemy, it must accept with a certain distrust the friendship and guidance of France.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

ANOTHER chapter is to be added to the history of Federal Government. The problem to be solved, according to MONTESQUIEU, is to reconcile the centralized power characteristic of a vast empire with the happiness of individual citizens characteristic of a small State. The continent of America promises to afford a great variety of experiments from which the political philosopher may deduce the possibility of arriving at a successful solution. Whatever may be the ultimate destiny of North America, it is plain that, for many years to come, its English-speaking population will form systems of confederated republics. How many federations there will be, and what may be their limits, is at present an inscrutable question. The various degrees of intensity with which the allied States of each system may gravitate towards their respective centres, and the nature of their relations to the rival systems, will in time accumulate lessons for the statesmen of the future. At present, it is interesting to see the efforts made to provide a satisfactory scheme to avoid the evils which eighty years of experience have developed in the most conspicuous experiment hitherto made, and to import principles of additional strength from our own form of government. The Southern Confederacy adopted the Constitution of the old Union almost without alteration; the changes actually made were chiefly slight alterations in the length of tenure of Federal office, and a more distinct recognition of State-rights. The intention to loosen so far the bonds of union arose from a natural desire to avoid the evils which too close a union had produced; but it may perhaps be doubted whether this was altogether the wisest course. When a man suffers from being in partnership with a bitter enemy, the true remedy is rather to get a more suitable partner than to refuse partnership altogether. However this may be, the course taken by the framers of the Canadian scheme has been precisely the opposite one. They have, as we shall presently see, endeavoured to strengthen the central power, as far as enactments can strengthen it. With a view to this, they have drawn chiefly upon British precedents. They start by emphatically referring to the "well-understood principles of the British Constitution" as their guide. It is a curious circumstance that, in the debates on the American Union, the same model was continually set up, and that, notwithstanding the intense unpopularity of England at the time, difficulties were

continually solved by a reference to English authority. The founders of the United States did not succeed in making a very good copy of the original. A mere profession of a desire to adopt the ever-glorious British Constitution may be considered as part of the regular stock-in-trade of the English-speaking orator all over the world. It is necessary to look a little closer before we can admit that the genuine article has been imported, and is being offered without adulteration.

In examining the scheme devised by our North American colonists, the first question to be asked concerns the degree to which it is proposed to weld together the heterogeneous elements into one national body. If the constituent members still retained their separate vitality, it would matter little what form was given to the central power. Its energies would be too feeble to impress much character of any kind upon the nominally subordinate members. The view which appears to have been finally adopted is copiously illustrated by the history of the United States. It is clear that the SIXTYs of Quebec have kept their eyes carefully upon the slips made by their gigantic neighbour. They have, moreover, equally observed the deeply-seated causes of weakness to which those slips were due. Three views were discussed elaborately at the Convention which laid down the main lines of the American Constitution. The extreme party in one direction held that a mere league of States was required, each State retaining complete sovereignty. The greatest man of that time, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, was almost solitary in maintaining an extreme view in the opposite direction. He held that the Union should exercise sovereign power; that all State laws should be overridden by laws of Congress; that the sphere over which the authority of Congress was to extend should include every possible object of legislation; and, in fact, that the State Legislatures should be reduced to mere municipal bodies. We need hardly say that a compromise between these views was ultimately adopted, leaning so far towards the first as that, after certain specified powers had been given to Congress, all powers not specified were to remain with the State Legislatures. On the exact interpretation to be given to the terms of this compromise turned all the subsequent struggles previous to the Secession epoch. Every American debate swarms with arguments directed to prove or to dispute the "constitutionality" of different actions; in other words, the exclusion or admission of certain powers by the terms of the Constitution. Whether Congress could legislate about slavery in the Territories; whether it could legislate about it in the District of Columbia; whether it could found a national bank; whether it could apply money to internal improvements; whether duties might be imposed with a view to protection as well as revenue—these and similar debates were carried on till the Union itself parted under the strain. Every great dispute, since the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, has been fought out by different constructions put upon the terms of that apparently clear and simple document. It is evident, as we have remarked, that the lawgivers of Quebec have learnt their lesson from this history. It is also evident that they have, to a considerable extent, adopted HAMILTON's view. He proposed, for example, that State Governors should be nominated by the President of the Federation; and that the Senate, when elected, should hold office for life. Both of these provisions are adopted in the Canadian scheme; and the powers which its authors have assigned to the general Legislature are in general the same which HAMILTON would have given to Congress. They have the advantage of being able to substitute nomination by the Crown for election by universal suffrage; but, with this exception, the outlines of their scheme are the logical consequence of the principles laid down by HAMILTON. What would have been the result of the adoption of that scheme by the United States, it is difficult to say. Probably the closer union which it would have forced for a time upon a country full of such discordant elements might only have led to an earlier and more violent explosion. But, under happier auspices, it will probably lead to a durable union. No such potent agent of repulsion exists in the British provinces as that profound dissimilarity of interests which has rent asunder North and South. It will, therefore, be safe to draw them into the closest possible contact, with every hope of increasing good feeling and generating a patriotic sense of nationality. The only serious fault, however, which we have to find with the project affects this portion of it. Its framers have nowhere explicitly stated their view of the question of sovereignty. They have endeavoured to assign distinct provinces to the general and local Legislatures by a careful enumeration of the different powers of each. They avoid the risk

of such a conflict as that about the constitutionality of a national bank which, for fifty years, rose up at intervals to distract the politicians of the United States, by distinctly giving the necessary powers to the general Legislature. They take care that the right of the general Legislature to make internal improvements shall be indisputable, even when the improvements are within the limits of one colony. They give to the central power explicitly all the rights which have been at any time claimed by the American Congress, and they add many others by the want of which Congress has been constantly hampered. They go so far as to give it power over all matters of a "general character," not specially and exclusively reserved to the local Legislatures. And they say that, in all cases "where jurisdiction belongs both to the general and local Legislatures," the laws of the general are to supersede those of the local Legislature. But this still assumes the existence of a province within which the local Legislature is supreme. However carefully all the cases have been enumerated, it is hardly probable that no debateable land shall have been left bordering upon both provinces. No human being, in counting up all the cases which he can foresee, will succeed in counting up all the cases that will actually happen, or in precisely defining the units of his enumeration. We fear, therefore, that there still exists an area, though probably a narrow one, within which the characteristic disease of Federations—a conflict between the local and central authority—may have room to develop itself. The plan stops short just at the critical point; it shrinks from asserting that in all cases the central authority shall be supreme. Yet it would perhaps be too much to expect that the colonies should surrender sovereign power at once to the Legislature about to spring into existence; and they have been so liberal in conceding almost all those powers likely to be required, that we hope no practical inconvenience may result.

It would thus seem that, in future, the vast territory of British North America may be viewed as the seat of a genuine national existence. Such a result is in itself of great value. It shows that the colonists have been able to surmount the distracting jealousies characteristic of small States, as of small villages, with genuine good sense and patriotism. But they have given proof of equal ability in forming a national government. When the United States first became independent, they had no resource but to elect their rulers. The evils of such a course have been sufficiently exhibited, and many of them were plainly pointed out by the founders of the Constitution. The alternative which HAMILTON alone preferred was to elect a President for life. In that case, the President must, to some extent, have occupied a position analogous to that of a European constitutional monarch. As he would have been elected by a party, he must have had responsible Ministers to change in obedience to a change in the popular will. A party President governing, as well as reigning, for life would have been obviously impossible. On the plan actually adopted, the President is simply the people's Prime Minister. He is expected to execute the will of his party, and, as it would be awkward to turn him out whenever there was a majority against him, he is elected for a limited time. The inconveniences of this system are palpable. It forces the Government to move by sudden jerks, instead of in a continuous progress. The PRESIDENT has to hold on, even if his policy is opposed to that of the country and of Congress, for four years, and may run a risk of being turned out just when it is of most importance that no change should take place. These evils will be happily avoided in the Canadian Confederation. So long as they are content to accept a Governor from England, they will have the advantage of a constitutional government analogous to our own. Both the country at large and the separate colonies will avoid the periodical recurrence of those fierce party struggles which, in virtue of a legal necessity, convulse their nearest neighbours.

One other point which is deserving of high praise is the care taken to preserve judicial independence. No part of the American system has been more universally condemned than the tendency to make the judges dependent on the will of the people. In most, if not all, of the States, the judges are now elected for a short period. Frequently the whole judicial body has to be elected every year. The Federal judiciary still hold their offices during good behaviour, but the gradual development of democracy has destroyed elsewhere a regulation which the founders of the Union announced as a primary axiom in politics. As the sphere of the jurisdiction of the Canadian judges will be much greater than that of the American, the permanence of their tenure will be of even more importance.

Of the other provisions it is unnecessary to speak at length. The proposed Senate, holding office for life, has been compared

to the English House of Lords. But an English House of Lords is one of those things which cannot really be transplanted. Canada necessarily presents a democratic state of society which does not even afford the raw material of which peers are made. An English peer would be rather astonished if it were proposed, not merely that his peerage should not be hereditary, but that he should be disqualified if he ever failed to attend the House for two sessions consecutively.

There is one other point of view in which the Confederation must be regarded. It is not so much a step towards independence, as a means of softening the inevitable shock. Some day or other the time of parting must come, when a great nation will be able to run alone, and will not wish to accept its rulers from an island three thousand miles away. The one thing desirable is that, when we part, we should part on good terms. The chief danger of quarrel was that, amongst a mass of disunited colonies, some of them might consider themselves oppressed, and call upon us to help them. The French population might insist upon our defending them against the unrighteous encroachments of the English. If we had again to interfere, the suppression of a new rebellion might cause bad blood in spite of our best efforts. This danger will be effectually avoided when the colonists have a fairly arranged Legislature of their own. We may hope that they will gradually ripen into an independent Power of sufficient development and intrinsic strength to take up their own standing without any violent breach between us.

GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILWAYS.

TWENTY years ago, when Sir ROBERT PEEL was in power, just before the great railway mania of 1845, an Act was passed giving to the Government various powers of control over all railways authorized in and after the Session of 1844. The regulations under which the mails and the troops are carried, the compulsory arrangement as to Parliamentary trains, and a variety of other provisions obligatory upon the Companies, are to be traced to this statute. But there were two powers which were to lie in abeyance for twenty-one years, and which will come into operation in the course of 1865. One of these has proved nugatory, being based on the then prevalent anticipation that ten per cent. would be a common rate of dividend. Whenever the profits exceeded this amount, the Government were empowered to impose a new tariff; but the Companies which have been fortunate enough to reach this limit are so few, that there is no prospect of any exercise of this power of regulation, even if it were otherwise thought to be desirable.

The other almost forgotten privilege of the Government is that of buying up any line subject to the provisions of the Act at twenty-five years' purchase on the average rate of profit of the three preceding years. This privilege is clogged with certain conditions. If the Company is dissatisfied with the amount of purchase-money calculated on this basis, it may demand an arbitration, to determine whether any and what addition should be made to bring the price up to the fair value of the line. No branch line of less than five miles in length is to be subject to the powers of compulsory purchase; and, if a branch line is taken, the Company may require the Government to purchase their whole concern, just as a private landowner may compel a Company to take the whole of a house or manufactory of which any portion is required for the purpose of their works. The Act, moreover, provides that its powers are not to be used to sustain an undue competition against any independent Company, and that no purchase shall be made until three months' notice shall have been given to the Company, nor until Parliament shall have authorized the raising of the necessary funds. The total value of railway property, including loan-capital, is between 300,000,000*l.* and 400,000,000*l.*; and though the interest of shareholders, which alone would be the immediate subject of purchase, is very much less, it would be an operation of unparalleled magnitude to put the powers of the Act in force. It is said that the Government has it in contemplation to bring the subject before Parliament in the approaching Session, and there can be no doubt that, if this is done, the course taken will be to refer to the consideration of a Select Committee a matter of too formidable a character to be dealt with as a party measure. The first consideration which must strike every one, whether interested in railway shares or not, is that the purchase, if effected at all, must—not necessarily in the first instance, but sooner or later—embrace the whole railway system of the country; and it is of the gravest importance to consider, first, whether so great a

revolution as the transfer of all our railways to the Government is desirable, and, secondly, whether, under existing circumstances, such a project can be considered feasible.

To deal with the last question first, it is obvious that, from the enormous extent to which amalgamation has been carried in the twenty years that have elapsed since the passing of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Act; from the infinitely varied and complicated arrangements in the shape of leases, subsidies, and joint ownership of various lines; and from the vast capital and the important Parliamentary influence of the railway interest, it would, to say the least, be a very difficult matter to enforce the compulsory powers of purchase against the unanimous wishes of railway shareholders. It is by no means clear, however, that the interest of the Companies would be opposed to that of the Government. There must be very few shareholders in the country who would not, individually, be glad, at this moment, to sell at twenty-five years' purchase on the mean rate of dividend for the last three years. Such a price would, in an average case, be about twenty per cent. above the present market value of the shares, and if the special interests of those who direct the policy of the Companies were not an obstacle, there would seem to be no reason to dread an organized opposition to the Government project. It is true that shareholders who retain their shares as permanent investments might be unwilling to sell, even at a high price, at a time when, in consequence of the operation, the market would be denuded of the class of five per cent. investments which they would especially desire; but the broad result of the purchase would still, upon the whole, be decidedly advantageous to the holders of railway property. Debenture holders might not like the prospect of an early reduction in their rate of interest, and some difficulty might be experienced in adjusting the claims of preferential shareholders. Still the total price paid would be largely in excess of what the market would produce, and this consideration might be expected to secure a preponderance of support from those most immediately interested in the operation. An apparent resistance would be likely, in any case, to be manifested, if only with the view of utilizing to the utmost the right of submitting the question to arbitration; but something more than a mock opposition would be needed to resist the scheme if it were once deliberately approved by the House of Commons.

The difficulty, which at once suggests itself, of raising the requisite funds is not nearly so formidable as it may appear at first sight. Although the operation must be conducted from the first with a view to the absorption of the whole railway system, the purchases of different lines need not be, and would not be, simultaneous. For example, the acquisition of the South Coast lines, which have so great a military value in connexion with our naval arsenals and dockyards, would be an operation within manageable compass, and time might be given for the quiet absorption of the new stock created for this purpose before attempting to deal with any other Company. A considerable proportion of the capital released by the purchase of shares would find its way at once into Government securities, and though some part of the amount would probably flow abroad in search of five per cent. investments, the derangement of the market and the influence on the price of Consols need not be serious if the process were conducted gradually and with judgment. Unless, therefore, the attitude of the railway interest should be more hostile than there appears any reason to suppose, there is nothing to render the ultimate purchase of all our railways, large as the operation would be, at all impracticable.

Whether the concentration in the hands of the Government of all the railway power of the country would be beneficial to the community at large is a wholly different question, upon which there is much to be said on either side. The advantages to be gained by the proposed revolution are obvious, if only it be assumed that the lines would be as well, or nearly as well, managed under the Government as they now are by independent and conflicting Boards. Roughly speaking, the Government would be investing at four per cent. money which it could borrow at a little more than three per cent. The difference, if applied in remission of taxes, might reduce the income-tax by twopence in the pound; and even if absorbed by the public in the shape of reduced railway fares, it would not the less be a national gain to the same amount. Nor would this be the only benefit resulting from the measure. Ever since the commencement of railway speculation, there have been two rival theories contending for the mastery. The public, as a rule, have been eager for the security and cheapness which competition seemed to promise, while railway directors have steadily maintained that the principle of combination or amalgamation alone can enable railways to be

worked with profit to the shareholders or advantage to the travelling public. And, in spite of the prevalent leaning of Railway Committees to the side of competition, the directors' theory has almost always prevailed. The whole railway history of the last ten or fifteen years is a history of occasional internecine struggles of the most wasteful character, followed by successive absorptions of territory by the leading lines. Competition has failed to protect the public, and has sometimes brought shareholders to the verge of ruin. There is no logical limit to this process of amalgamation, short of a single Company embracing the whole island. Let boundaries be fixed with all the care in the world, there will still be a fringe of disputed territory for which neighbouring Companies will fight; and if the railway magnates were right (as we believe they were) in telling us that there was no hope in competition, it follows that the perfect form of railway organization will only be reached when rival Companies cease to exist side by side. If this is the goal to which we are tending, there can be no doubt that the absolute control over the locomotion of the country ought not to be vested in any private and, so far as the public are concerned, irresponsible body; and there is no other alternative than to place in the hands of a Government department a business which has grown too large to be entrusted to private enterprise.

There is yet another evil (not, it is true, without some admixture of good) which would be obviated by the transfer of all the railways to the Government. The way in which branch lines, often of a most useless and unprofitable character, grow up, is well known. Either one Company projects, in its own name or under the shelter of a nominally independent association, an inroad into a neighbour's dominions, or else some enterprising speculators set the scheme on foot in the confidence of finding a market in the rivalries of two adjacent Companies. It is by such processes as these that railway property has been depreciated, though at the same time it must be admitted that accommodation has thus been gained in many districts which might otherwise have waited long for railway facilities. Under Government management, the vast expense which is now incurred by the hostility and the encroachments of the different Companies would be wholly obviated, and energetic complaints would probably sooner or later secure the few additions to the existing network which are really wanted for the accommodation of the public.

In this, as in all cases, there is a reverse side to be looked at. By many fanatical worshippers of joint-stock enterprise a cry will be raised against Government centralization, and in favour of private speculation. But most of the arguments commonly used in support of this general view fail to apply to the case before us. There is no question here between centralization and local power. With such gigantic establishments as that of the London and North Western in full operation, it is absurd to talk of avoiding centralization. It is well known that a project was once mooted for a still more extensive union of existing railways; and the only question for the future is whether we are to have centralization in the hands of Government, or in the hands of a Board of Directors nominally elected by a constituency of shareholders, but practically filled up by the proxy-power which is always secured by a judicious Chairman. The maxim that personal interest will in general insure greater efficiency than official supervision is sound enough, but it applies with very little force to the management of companies, and vanishes altogether when the subject to be dealt with is so vast as the whole railway machinery of the country. Government management is often bad enough; and even the Post-office, the most favourable example of an official department, is very far from perfect. Still, the same faults may be found and are daily found with railway boards, besides a number of others from which Government management would be free—such, for example, as the wilful obstruction of passengers at the junctions of different Companies which have, or think they have, an interest in impeding each other's traffic. There is now a complete circuit of lines round London from Fenchurch Street to the south side of London Bridge, but we doubt if any one ever traversed the whole distance in a day, owing to the designed delays which are interposed at what are called Junction stations. To return to the comparison between railway and Post-office management, most persons will remember the difficulty and expense of transmitting small parcels until the book and parcel post was established. What the Railway Companies obstinately refused to do has been done cheaply and well by a Government department. There do not appear to be any solid grounds for fearing that railway management would become worse than it is if a Government Board were substituted for Directors over whom the travelling public have neither direct nor indirect control; and, if not, we know of no solid

ground for deprecating a project which ought to secure large financial benefits both to railway shareholders and the general community. The proposed bargain seems to be one in which, as in all sound bargains, both sides may expect to reap substantial benefits.

AMERICA.

THE progress of the extraordinary campaign in Tennessee and Georgia is for the present obscure. No authentic account of SHERMAN's movements has been received since he plunged into the heart of the enemy's country. As delay would be fatal to his enterprise, every additional day which intervenes between the commencement of his march and his arrival on the coast increases the chance of a Federal disaster; and if he has been forced to leave Augusta and Macon unassailed in his passage, the expedition will at best have been but a successful retreat. Notwithstanding the reported concentration of troops in South-Eastern Georgia, it is highly improbable that a sufficient force can be collected to meet SHERMAN on equal terms. For six months he has uniformly outnumbered his adversaries, and the main Confederate army which has opposed him is employed three or four hundred miles to the north-west. Fifty thousand men, including the best troops in the Federal service, ought to be able to fight their way across the Continent, if only they can find sufficient food and tolerably practicable roads. It was reported that SHERMAN took with him rations for thirty days, and in the earlier part of his march he probably met with little opposition in foraging on the country. He broke up from Atlanta between the 12th and the 14th of November, and it may be collected from the Richmond reports that he had accomplished in a fortnight about half the distance to Savannah. The difficulties would increase as he proceeded, and they might become serious if he was compelled to halt. There was a report that his cavalry had received a check, and that considerable numbers of stragglers had been captured. There appeared to be no doubt that General BEAUREGARD in person had assumed the command in Georgia, and scarcely any Confederate officer has displayed equal ability in the conduct of a defensive campaign. The Southern generals, however, are probably ignorant of SHERMAN's real designs, and they may find it necessary to guard against a movement in their rear while they are engaged in obstructing the enemy's advance from the West. If General BURNSIDE has been sent to meet SHERMAN with a heavy reinforcement and with supplies, the danger of the march from Atlanta will be greatly diminished. During the prevailing uncertainty, journalists on both sides naturally amuse themselves with boastful anticipations which deserve little attention. The Confederates have an advantage over their rivals in the definite character of their sanguine prophecies. It is evident that the defeat or destruction of SHERMAN's army would be a great advantage to the South, while it is not equally obvious that the Federal prospects will be improved by the transfer of a large force from the heart of Georgia to the neighbourhood of Savannah, or to Beaufort. The force which BEAUREGARD has collected would be in time to reinforce the garrison of Richmond if SHERMAN showed an intention of co-operating with GRANT.

In the preliminary operations, each of the contending generals appears in turn to have effected a surprise. SHERMAN was forced to change his plans by Hood's movement on his communications, but the alternative plan of campaign which he devised appears to have been also unforeseen. Some discontented Confederate critics complain that Hood and BEAUREGARD have been removed from the decisive theatre of operations; and the Northern journals express the most undoubting confidence that the enemy has been thoroughly outgeneralled. As the same writers were, two months ago, not less positive in their assertions that Atlanta would be permanently retained, their premature exultation deserves little notice. Having dislodged SHERMAN, HOOD has not attempted to follow him in a march which may be described either as an advance or as a retreat. The result will show whether the Federal force which has been left to oppose the Confederates in Tennessee is strong enough to accomplish its object. General THOMAS, who commands the army, has been justly regarded as one of the best generals in the service, since he prevented the defeat of Chicamunga from ending in total ruin. General SCHOFIELD has also displayed courage and ability, and, throughout the war, the advantage has, in a great majority of cases, remained with the party which has acted on the defensive. Hood's immediate object is to destroy the communication between Nashville and Chattanooga, and perhaps he may venture on an attack on Nashville itself. If he can render Southern

Tennessee and Georgia untenable to the invader, he will have recovered a territory which it has cost the Federal generals two years to conquer. The capture of Nashville would be a more arduous achievement, and it can scarcely be supposed that the Confederates have the means of undertaking a regular siege of the place. The energy and lavish expenditure of the Northern Government have created at Nashville an enormous railway depôt, and an apparently inexhaustible magazine for the use of the armies in the West. It is extremely improbable that the defences have been so far neglected that the town should be at the mercy of a sudden attack. If General THOMAS is too weak to keep the field, Hood will probably be satisfied with the opportunity of breaking up the long line of railway to the South.

As the Confederate army advanced from the south-west towards Nashville, General THOMAS appears to have retreated slowly. He evacuated Columbia, and made a stand at Franklin, probably for the purpose of gaining time. The Northern accounts of the battle which ensued are obviously untrue, for it is said that, after losing 5,000 men killed and wounded and 1,000 prisoners, and causing comparatively little damage to the enemy, Hood nevertheless advanced on the following day without further opposition to the suburbs of Nashville. General SCHOFIELD, who commanded the Federal troops, may perhaps have succeeded in repelling the attack, but in the course of the same night he found it prudent to accomplish a hurried retreat of thirty miles. The success which the Confederates have obtained in Eastern Tennessee may perhaps affect the operations round Nashville. General BRECKENRIDGE has defeated the Federals on the border of the State in two considerable combats, ending, in the second case, in a total rout of the Federal troops. According to a late account, the successful commander was marching rapidly on the important post of Bull's Gap, which was lost by the Confederates through the misconduct of one of their officers during the campaign of 1863. If the direct communication between Tennessee and Virginia is interrupted, there may possibly be some difficulty in supplying the wants of the army at Nashville; and, with the assistance of BRECKENRIDGE, Hood may perhaps attempt to take the place itself. Less complete success would have a strong effect in sustaining the confidence of the South, even if it failed to disturb the complacent convictions of the Northern population. The recovery of the greater part of Tennessee would mark the ebb of Federal invasion, and the Northern generals take care that, as long as the faintest hope remains, resistance shall not flag in default of incitements to revenge. The Federal journals record from day to day, with unhesitating cheerfulness and implicit approval, that every town and village which is traversed by SHERMAN is burnt behind him. It is not suggested that any military advantage is gained by the process of devastation; and even if SHERMAN is provided with an excuse for acts of destruction, his admirers at home fail even to perceive the need of an apology. Curious moralists would willingly test the limits of Northern toleration for warlike excesses. If it were reported that SHERMAN or any other favourite leader had crucified the inhabitants of a Confederate town, the Republican papers of New York would probably abstain from a hint of censure, and the Federal organ in London, which hastened to defend the seizure of the *Florida* at the risk of being disavowed by its patrons at Washington, would immediately attempt to prove that some English officer in former times had been guilty of more culpable cruelty. It must be admitted that the Federal Government has not yet risen to the height of Mr. COBDEN's warlike fervour by cutting the dykes of the Mississippi and deluging Louisiana. If any general or admiral in command at New Orleans were to discover, like Admiral PORTER, that his father had been harshly treated fifty or sixty years ago, he might perhaps adopt Mr. COBDEN's suggestion in the hope of provoking English censure, and in the well-founded confidence that English partisans would be found to excuse him.

In urging the necessity of filling up the ranks of the army, the organs of the Federal Government, for the first time, publish statements, which may possibly be accurate, of the results of the recent drafts. They estimate the losses of the campaign at 120,000, and they assert that about the same number has been provided by conscription or enlistment. It is forcibly argued that it is injudicious to fight the South on approximately equal terms, when an enormous preponderance of forces would assure complete and early success. It is perfectly true that it is the interest of the Federal Government to employ the largest possible armies, even at the risk of additional financial embarrassment; but there is a limit to the number of recruits

or conscripts, and it is difficult to believe that a single soldier has been lost through a want of readiness to obtain his services. Mr. LINCOLN's various proclamations have summoned more than two millions of men to arms, and the recruiting offices have never for a moment interrupted their operations. It is now stated that General GRANT crossed the Rapidan in May with only 90,000 men, and that General BUTLER's command consisted of about 40,000. If the estimate is correct, the numbers furnish a tolerably accurate measure of the resources of the Federal Government, for the entire spring had been occupied in preparations for the advance, and the facilities for obtaining recruits were at least as great at the beginning of the campaign as after the sacrifice of more than 100,000 men. If the war is conducted on the same scale in the ensuing year, the Confederacy will be severely pressed, whatever may be the ultimate issue of the struggle.

THE COURT OF APPEAL IN SPIRITUAL CASES.

THE feeling which recent decisions of the Privy Council have aroused is evidently neither feeble nor likely to be transient. It may have been provoked more by the language in which those decisions were couched than by the law which they actually laid down, and it has been unwisely stimulated by the same ill-judging counsellors as those to whose heedless zeal these perilous prosecutions have been due. But still, whatever its origin, it has gained an influence which will secure for it at least a place in the deliberations of the coming Session. In the face of the difficulties which surround the question, it would be hazardous to predict that any measure upon it will be passed. But a sufficient number of men of eminence have already given their countenance to the movement to ensure to the wishes of the clergy at least an ample discussion. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small importance that those wishes should take a reasonable shape, and should be sufficiently in accordance with the ideas of the age to secure respectful attention from the lawyers and politicians under whose scrutiny they will fall. It will be the first time for a long period of years that the Church, or at least those who may justly profess to represent the preponderance of opinion within her fold, will have attempted to prefer a distinct demand to Parliament. It will be an almost fatal blow to her political influence if the claim should be one that the mass of the laity, however favourably inclined, will have no choice but to reject. It will establish, almost beyond dispute, the accusation upon which her enemies are perpetually dwelling, that the ideas dominant among her clergy are hopelessly at variance with the spirit of the age.

Unhappily, the claim which, under the guidance of several very eminent men, they seem inclined to make is that a court, not of lawyers but of clergy, shall be set up to construe that part of the law of the land which applies to the tenure of ecclesiastical benefices. It is difficult to believe that such a suggestion can have been offered as a definitive proposal. The position that law ought to be interpreted by lawyers is so axiomatic that it seems almost a waste of time to prove it. It is equally clear that, if lawyers are the best persons for such a duty, bishops are the very worst. A judge should be learned. There is no security, considering the ordinary mode in which bishops are appointed, that a bishop even knows his Greek Testament, still less that he has any acquaintance with either Canon or English law. A judge should be accustomed, by his training, to apply the principles of law to the facts that come before him. A bishop has no familiarity either with the principles of law or with the practice of the judicial office. A judge should be impartial. A bishop, by his very office, must have pledged himself again and again to definite views upon the questions which, in controversies of the kind we are now concerned with, would be brought before him for judicial decision. And there is no escape from the dilemma which Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN has put with unanswerable force. If the clergy who are now agitating wish to have the existing law of England declared, no one is fitter for the purpose than an experienced lawyer. If they do not wish it to be declared as it exists, but to be in some degree modified, it is not a new tribunal, but new legislation, that they seek. It is quite clear, from Mr. KEBLE's letter, that new legislation upon disputed questions of doctrine is what he desires. He professes, indeed, only to seek for a sound interpretation of the existing law. But it is an interpretation to be based upon principles wholly unknown to English Courts. The law of the land is to be ascertained, for Mr. KEBLE's purpose, not out of the statute-book, nor from the precedents of previously-decided cases, but out of the opinions upon doctrinal questions which have been expressed at various

times by persons reputed to be orthodox; and men who may have offended against the law as thus ascertained are to be deprived of their benefices. If this be really, as it seems to be, Mr. KEBLE's plan, he does wisely to ask that a tribunal of bishops should be entrusted with the administration of this strange jurisprudence. It is probable that no Court composed of lawyers could be found to undertake it. It would be as reasonable to try offenders against the stamp laws, not by statute or precedent, but by propositions deduced from the writings of the best political economists. It seems, at first sight, incredible that any person of so much intellectual eminence should have so confused the interpretation of old law with the enactment of new law. But in a divine, deeply read in ecclesiastical history, the error is capable of explanation. The new definitions of dogma imposed upon Christendom from time to time by Popes and Councils necessarily claimed to be nothing more than an interpretation of the existing creed; for no declaration of a revelation given long ago could be avowedly novel. The guarantee, or assumed guarantee, that these definitions were really nothing but interpretations of the old articles of faith, and not the enactment of new ones, lay in the supposed infallibility of these Popes and Councils. Mr. KEBLE, more by instinct than by any clear process of reasoning, seeks to apply to the dissensions of the English Church the remedy, such as it was, with which, in mediæval times, the dissensions of the Western Church were treated. He wishes the English Bishops to meet new heresies with new definitions, as the Latin Bishops did at the Lateran or at Constance. But he has forgotten the material element of infallibility. A Council claiming to be infallible might, without absurdity, settle a litigation by an authoritative declaration of dogma, and might disregard the circumstance that its decision was based upon neither law nor precedent. But you must be infallible before you can venture to dispense with those humble guides. And infallibility is a quality which is not claimed for the English Bishops, even by their best friends. If they could have asserted such a prerogative some score of years ago, it would not have been exercised much to Mr. KEBLE's liking.

Whatever else may be sought for by any portion of the clergy and laity of the Church, they may take it for an incontestable axiom that no English Legislature will suffer a law of forfeiture to be applied to English subjects, except by a court of lawyers. But it does not follow that the present Court of Appeal is incapable of improvement. There are several defects to which a remedy may be applied, if Churchmen do not rouse a spirit of indiscriminate resistance by extravagant demands. They may fairly say that, in a matter of so much difficulty and moment, involving the spiritual peace of hundreds of thousands, they are entitled to the best tribunal that can be had. Imperfections and departures from sound principle, which may be endured in jurisdictions of inferior importance, become intolerable here. There are, undoubtedly, some grave defects in the constitution of the present Court of Appeal, which even now expose its decisions to unmerited suspicion, and which might, under circumstances perfectly conceivable, actually corrupt the administration of justice. Some objections may be raised to the fact that it is a Court of fluctuating composition. The Crown retains, however rarely it may exercise, the power of designating specially, in each case, the members of the tribunal that is to try that case. It is possible, though far from probable, that, in cases where feeling was running high, some partiality might be shown in the selection; and such a possibility detracts perceptibly from the influence of the Court. Uneasy questions are asked, before each case of interest comes on, as to the names of the judges who are likely to be selected, and as to their known religious predilections; and, in respect to those whose inclinations are supposed to be strongly pronounced, the suspicion of unfairness is plausible enough to be very hurtful. But a far more serious blot is the position of the Lord Chancellor. The occupant of that office has necessarily spent his life as a party man, and remains so still. His interests are bound up with the fate of his party. He stands and falls with them. He keenly shares the hopes and fears, the predilections and aversions, of his colleagues; for his own tenure of the proudest office in the realm depends upon their popularity and success. It is no uncommon thing for a political party to support itself by a close alliance with a religious party. Eight years ago, Lord PALMERSTON upheld himself in power against formidable enemies by a complete surrender of all his patronage to the extreme Evangelicals; and other less recent instances of an analogous policy might be cited. In such a case, the sympathies of the members of the Government, and of the Chancellor among them, would be ardently interested in

the success of the particular religious party upon whose aid they were relying. Yet this same Chancellor would preside over the Court that would pronounce between his friends and his opponents, and might have the framing of a judgment that would drive the latter outside the pale of the English Church. The principle that judges should not be removable at pleasure was established at the Revolution, and is now looked upon as one of the most beneficent principles of our Constitution. It was not extended to the Lord Chancellor—possibly because the cases that then came before him were not of the kind upon which any unfair influence on the part of the Executive was to be apprehended. But he was not at that time ever invested with the office of President of the Final Court of Spiritual Appeal, or entrusted exclusively with the duty of drawing up the judgments in which its decisions were conveyed. He was not then exposed to the temptation of furthering his own political aims, or gratifying his partisan feelings, by branding with insult, from the highest judgment-seat in the land, the faith of those who were opposed to him.

The Church has a clear right to demand that this indefensible anomaly shall cease. There are some other more delicate questions that must be handled with great care. It is a well-established maxim, that no judge ought to try a case in which his opinion is likely to be biased by personal interest. It may be open to question, by analogy of reasoning, whether a judge should be appointed to determine the sense of the formularies of the Church of England upon a particular doctrine, when he himself is strongly interested, by his own moral antecedents, in believing such a doctrine to be false. At all events, it would be essential that men of notorious unbelief should never, under any circumstances, be held up to the world as the authorized interpreters, in the last resort, of the doctrines of a Christian Church. But this evil might be better avoided by a judicious exercise of the power of selection than by positive enactment. The Court of Final Appeal might well consist, as it does now in fact, of retired judges, who should be appointed during good behaviour, and under whose jurisdiction every case of controverted dogma should fall; and in making such appointments no prudent Minister would neglect the precaution of avoiding, by consultation with the chief ecclesiastical authorities, any selection that could justly scandalize the Church at large.

EXAMPLE.

THE world has changed so much in its tone about example that we really cannot make the old sayings about it fit in with our experience. In old times people set magnificent examples, and were accepted by those about them as such in a way that we do not recognise now. Honestly, it is not easy for the most docile to select some model whereby to mould his own manner and conduct; and, even if he succeeded, it would not answer. No man can impress his own likeness upon multitudes as the king could once. Example has lost its monarchical character, and has turned democratic. Thus, there is an admitted improvement in public opinion; at any rate, there is a public opinion, which there was not in the heroic ages, and this seems a sort of impersonal example which has a weight overpowering, in most minds, the force of any single influence. This, if any such exists, is the only sovereign

Whose great example forms a people.
The public breast is noble or is vile
As he inspires it.

It is said that respect is not a growing principle amongst us, and, if so, this has much to do with the question. We must have a capacity for reverence before we set up anybody, consciously and deliberately, as an example to be followed. But another reason for this lies in change of circumstances. It used to be possible to know a man for one great action, or a course of noble action in one particular line, and to know nothing else about him. Now, if we know of him at all, we cannot help knowing his weak points as well. Wherever people are prominent and distinguished enough to have a separate private and public life, or for their public action to shine quite beyond the gossip of their private weaknesses, they may still be examples of the old sort; but the numbers who can be kept in ignorance of great men's personal foibles are daily diminishing. We cannot help knowing too much of our best and greatest men; it is no fault of ours, therefore, if eminent examples are harder to find every day. As a fact, and in the way we see things now, the very best examples are stuck about with little warnings. The enthusiast, or the resolute hero-worshipper, tries not to see them, but the light is too strong for him. Every person, even in the things he does best and in which he shows himself greatest, makes mistakes and blunders. These cannot be simply ignored; if we perceive them, we cannot put ourselves in the point of view which was natural in less familiar times, nor see things in the golden light of their distance. Nevertheless, the disposition to seek and to believe in great examples is still the nobler one; and, in fact, it is only the most noble who can learn exclusively by example. Certain self-denying and generous qualities merely exhibited, not

inculcated by discipline and precept, are apt indeed to operate as anything but examples on inferior minds brought into immediate contact with them; the generosity only ministers to their selfishness, the self-denial to their rapacity, the modesty to their insolence, and so on. We may say that no children can be trained to the imitation of their parents' best qualities merely by passive example.

All examples, to have any powerful effect, must be self-chosen, or at least made welcome when presented. There is a natural, and we should suppose universal, abhorrence of examples intruded upon us, and imposed with ungracious comparisons. Nursemaids are great at this method. In the provocation which these unfortunates endure from their charges, they find it—or did in our time—too natural to avenge themselves, under the disguise of edification, by setting up some model—some Master Dick or Freddy of their experience or their imagination, endowed with all the virtues against which our misdeeds stood in hideous contrast. And have not Dick and Fred a certain flavour with us ever after which perhaps has hindered our fraternizing? Could Miss Betty accept Vanessa as her ideal of manner, after being so often twitted with her excellences?—

Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear.
Miss Betty when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"Tis what Vanessa never did."

This is the way to excite rivalry, but never imitation. The examples that influence us we have found out for ourselves, or follow unconsciously.

The chivalric character is always finding examples to imitate. Sir William Napier's heroism was inspired in this way; perhaps we should say doubly inspired, for those who follow great examples are in their turn ready to believe themselves examples, and to realize that great things turn on the examples they set on critical occasions. All persons are open to the infection of a great example proposed to them on a sudden, but it is grander to have a model in the mind than under the eye. The man who leads a forlorn hope, or heads a subscription with a good round sum, follows somebody's example; the rest follow him, finding it much easier to imitate an action than a character. But there are two ways of feeling yourself to be an example. Position justifies persons in feeling and acting deliberately under the notion that they are examples. The queen on her throne, the father in his family, the colonel at the head of his regiment, the parson in his parish, must not forget that station and office require them to be examples; but there are people who feel themselves to be examples on another sort of ground altogether, and in a field that has no limits—people who think it fitting to recommend a practice to the world at large on the sole reason that they do it. Exampleship belongs to them as a sort of heritage. Wherever they are, in whatever company they find themselves, even in the House of Commons, their own example is their one argument; indeed they are so accustomed to lean on this that they are awkward at any other; and whatever show of abstract reasoning they may make, they are sure to fall back on this at last. I do it, or, I do it not, is the incontrovertible fact. Their example may, after all, be worth something. What they do may be the right sort of thing to do, and characterized by liberality and public spirit; but the men are not the less insufferable, and in a way injurious, as vulgarizing the nobler sort of action. There is another form of the same propensity, which manifests itself in a quieter method. People impressed by the notion that they are examples to a larger circle than we grant them do not always bluster. There is a weight of manner that tells the same thing, an acting up to what the world is supposed to expect from them, a guarded deportment, a measured way of doing everything, which we see is maintained from no inner prompting, but as fulfilling a self-imposed part for our improvement. It is obvious that all these people fail in their end of recommending a course of conduct by their advocacy. Human nature is extremely indisposed to follow a lead proposed to it under such circumstances. Still, all people are setting examples that are followed, and we are for ever following examples, whether we intend it or not. The influence of our day is this example, from which we can scarcely escape, and which is more subtle and pervading than the thinnest and finest of material substances. When Miss Bremer visited Laura Bridgeman, the American girl, blind, deaf, and dumb from her birth, the first question this clever creature asked the Swedish authoress was "how much money she got by her books." The example of her countrymen had forced its way by some mysterious channel; the mighty dollar was her standard, too.

We have said that no living great example can come to us now without some accompanying drawback. People's excellence at one point leaves them open at another. A nice balance of duties is the rarest of all examples, and indeed hardly produces a picture striking enough for general attention. Strong-minded ladies argue that obedient wives make bad mothers—weak, or negligent, or cold to their children's interests. These are, in fact, the obvious temptations of the "obedient" type of character, which observation shows, but which history, biography, and anecdote say nothing about. Again, the house conducted with model regularity has its secrets which we see or suspect; somebody suffers to keep the machinery in exact order; the example of public active benevolence leaves things at home all at sixes and sevens; the example of disinterestedness damages the prospects of those whom it is a duty to care for. Every virtue has a tendency to some counterbalancing weakness. It depends upon the nature of the observer which of the two

makes the deeper impression. Whatever we see we must take into account. It is well to be carried away over lesser errors in the contemplation of some exemplary characteristic, but it is not well to blind ourselves, though the clear-sightedness inevitably tempers our emulation with caution and reserve. Still, any docility, any weak acceptance and blind following of a faulty example, any mistaken trust, is better than the habit some persons have of seeing nothing but warnings in the principles and practice of their friends. There are people so keenly critical, so open to the faults of others, that their own line is simply an avoidance of mistakes; all their wit and pains are bestowed on shunning the errors of this course and that. It is not an unpleasant exercise of ingenuity and practice. Practice makes them so acutely alive to blunders and false principles that in time their whole perception goes out in this line, and their own career is left to accident. In avoiding this man's over-care, that man's indifference to appearances, such a one's system of education, so-and-so's religious peculiarities, in declaring against the prevailing fashion on one side, or strictness on the other, their own course takes no shape or consistency; for we can hardly adopt a course, or shape out for ourselves a plan of life, or conduct ourselves on any system, without having some ideal, some pattern to go by, without having distinctly approved much in the conduct and judgment of others, and so far thought them worthy of imitation. This notion of progress solely by warning must end in taking the reverse of wrong for right, for it destroys the constructive element.

In looking around us, we observe, without being able to trace the cause, a remarkable difference in the success with which different persons make their example tell. Some parents, for instance, impress themselves on their children with a distinctness and force that amounts to reproduction—the same manner, the same turn of thought, the same principles. Others, after all their care, after the enforcement of their views by precept and example in apparent accord, have failed altogether: we don't see why, except that, of course, it is more natural in such an undertaking to fail than to succeed. But, after all, who knows the example he is really setting? unconscious example is so much more sure in its operation. It is certain that in the children the most diverse from their parents there is always something they have derived from their example, though it may be what the exemplar never dreamed of, and may even be founded on a misapprehension, as in the case of that barrister we read of the other day, who was chosen by the son of his opposite neighbour as his pattern and example, under the notion that the blue bag he carried into his house every day was full of guineas. Regarding examples in the light of illustrations, we must be struck by the way in which some people are marked out for this part. Gifted with a picturesque aptitude to stand as instances, good or bad, they show the consequences of certain lines of conduct with a completeness that surprises us in a world where all things are so incomplete and unfinished. Their plans answer to a turn perhaps, like the wind-up of a novel; or, on the other hand, they may illustrate errors and mistakes with a tragic clearness. The chapter of accidents leaves them alone; while other people do the same things, and fail where they ought to succeed, or do wrong, and miss the consequences. The prophet of evil is in their case balked by a good ending, and the moralizer feels small. Perhaps the difference may lie in seriousness of intention. It is a dignified thing intellectually to be a good example; to point a moral with effect requires a certain strength and continuity of will which are not common qualities. These are the people who influence more than their own generation for good or evil, who keep up the see-saw of reaction, and who, especially as warnings, obscure the working of precept and right reason in the observer; for what man, in sight of some notable example of an error issuing in its legitimate consequences, is safe from that blind instinct of precaution which, accepting practical experience as a guide, and full of the evil it knows, forgets every other alternative under the predominating impression?

SABBATARIAN BACKSLIDINGS.

IT is difficult to give adequate expression to a purely negative idea, but the theory of spending Sunday properly, as taught in the most approved religious circles, may perhaps be represented algebraically by a list of all agreeable occupations with a minus sign prefixed. Human nature—clerical human nature, at all events—insists that some intervals shall be left between the several attendances at church; but when the methods of employing these spaces come to be enumerated, the choice is remarkably limited. The first condition seems to be that they shall all be spent in-doors. Whether the stain of sin attaches only to the act of walking, or whether the external air partakes of the nature of manna and becomes noxious every seventh day, has never, we believe, been authoritatively decided; but a visitor in a truly Evangelical household, who wishes to be on the safe side, will hardly be well advised in venturing even to sit upon the lawn. Should he be tempted, however, to do so, let him on no account diverge from a straight line in his passage to and from the seat. To walk in a garden is absolutely incompatible with a proper observance of the day, since, as has been frequently and forcibly remarked, if Christians who have gardens walk in them, how can they reproach worldlings who have not gardens with walking somewhere else? To church and back again is the utmost limit of the modern Sabbath day's journey, and this may

perhaps account for the remarkable fact that the pure gospel is so rarely to be obtained except at a considerable distance from the dwellings of its professors. Supposing, therefore, the Sabbatical Christian to be safely housed, the question necessarily presents itself how he is to get rid of his time. If his books are chosen with discretion, he will be permitted to spend a portion of it in reading; but newspapers, novels, histories, criticism, and generally every kind of literature which he would ever think of opening in the week, are of course strictly prohibited. Poetry holds a somewhat anomalous and undefined position. Milton is certainly allowable; indeed, we fear that *Paradise Lost* owes no small part of its popularity to its being the nearest approach to fiction obtainable between Saturday and Monday; but it will be prudent to use an edition in two volumes, lest the reader should inadvertently stray into *L'Allegro* or *Comus*. Whether Cowper's *Tusk* enjoys the same privilege is doubtful, and may perhaps depend on the accident of its position with reference to *John Gilpin*.

Writing presents greater difficulties than reading, because it usually takes the form of correspondence. That mere ordinary letters, written for no other purpose than the cultivation of the natural affections, are proscribed, it is perhaps needless to say; but some uncertainty prevails as to the liberty of theological composition. Is it permissible, for instance, to spend the afternoon of Sunday in giving a friend the heads of the sermon to which you have been listening in the morning? Such a practice could hardly be thought to deserve a very harsh condemnation, but, on the whole, it may be safer to put the outline in question on a distinct piece of paper, and to inclose it in a letter which may be written on the following day. By this method all temptation to stray into other subjects will be happily avoided. Of course, from this point of view, the practice of not having your letters delivered on a Sunday is greatly to be commended, inasmuch as, if letters do not come they cannot possibly want to be answered. As to music and singing, the latter is quite unobjectionable if it is confined to hymns; but as drawing-room performances usually consist of solos or duets, and hymn tunes are rarely very attractive in either of these forms, this amount of concession will not be very fruitful of results. In the case of instrumental music, the boundary between what is sacred and what is secular is sometimes very ill-defined. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" occasionally makes itself heard at ecclesiastical ceremonies, and there is a passage in Gounod's Mass which bears a suspicious resemblance to the "Soldiers' Chorus" in *Faust*. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps safer to eschew the dangerous luxury altogether. It would be a terrible shock to any one who had been innocently listening to what he thought was a symphony for the organ, to find, on investigation, that what had been played was in reality a sonata for the pianoforte. If music is a questionable indulgence, it has so far the advantage of the sister art of painting, which does not rise even to the dignity of being doubtful. To look at pictures on the Sunday, even in the retirement of the domestic circle, would lead by a straight road to thinking lightly of the unpardonable sin of opening the National Gallery or the South Kensington Museum to the inroads of Sunday visitors. One only resource remains. Fenced round by the restrictions we have described from all that can attract or occupy the secular intellect, conversation may safely be indulged in. It is sure not to rise above gossip, and gossip, properly flavoured, may easily pass muster for a purely spiritual recreation.

It is painful to have to record a defection from this high standard of Sabbatical morality in a quarter where it could least have been looked for. The Religious Tract Society has for some time published a weekly magazine, designed, as the title-page informs us, to supply an appropriate course of "Sabbath reading" for families; and here, if anywhere, the careful parent might have expected to find the desired combination of sufficiently uninteresting subjects and sufficiently uninteresting treatment. As if to furnish a guarantee that the selection of articles shall be characterized by the proper degree of exclusiveness, the Society issues another periodical of the same size and price, which may be read on the other days of the week, and which may be supposed to do duty as a receptacle for all the material which is too useful or too amusing to be lawfully looked at on Sunday. Such is the pleasing delusion under which those persons who knew nothing of the works but their titles have probably long laboured; such, at any rate, was the impression on our own minds, until we accidentally came across the December part of the *Sunday at Home*. We turned over its pages in the expectation of finding them a perfect example of conformity to the code of Dominical literature of which the provisions have already been sketched; but what is the very first object which meets the reader's eye? A chromo-lithograph, not of some eminent preacher of Dissenting or Low-Church proclivities (that, of course, would be a very proper field for the labours of the Christian artist), not even of the unpretending structure which forms the scene of his eminent labours (that, supposing the building to be wholly undistinguished by any architectural merits, would be an inoffensive subject for the pencil), but of a picture which might be looked at with equal appropriateness on every day in the week—of "The Windmill," by J. Linnell. Nor is this a solitary instance. The offence is not, indeed, repeated within the compass of the same monthly part; but this is evidently to be attributed merely to considerations of economy, for a list of previous illustrations appears on the wrapper, from which we learn that they comprise "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "My Clever Brother," and "The Spring Ride." We have carefully inspected the specimen which has come under our notice, and we are compelled to pronounce that, except so far as it

may be redeemed by a minute church spire in the distance, it is in all its details, from the windmill on the right to the cows in the foreground, an entirely secular production. Here, therefore, is a perfect Royal Academy opened on a Sunday afternoon in the bosom of every Christian family. Where can the guardians of our English Sabbaths have fled to, that they should have allowed such an enormity to escape them? We turn to the literary element, and we find the same distressing laxity pervading it. Each number contains a story, and one of these we have read with especial care. The interest turns upon the fraudulent concealment of a title-deed of a house, and although an attempt is made to improve the occasion by a comparison with the "title to a heavenly inheritance," this constitutes, on the most liberal measurement, but one-fourteenth part of the whole narrative. Indeed, the illustration is so exceedingly far-fetched that it is very creditable to the writer's ingenuity to have made even as much of it as he has. If stories about lost documents are once recognised as Sunday reading, there is no saying how far so fatal a principle may not be carried. The child is father to the man, and the boy who reads the *Sheepskins* to-day may read Mr. Wilkie Collins to-morrow. It is vain to think to counteract the mischief by a supply of Biblical riddles. We do not say that it is not a highly improving exercise, and one which greatly tends to promote the reverent use of Scripture, to puzzle out how to "connect zeal with a lady, a servant, and a long journey," or "wisdom with a widow, a soldier, a king, and a priest"; or, in the event of failure, to wait for three weeks and then to find that the answer to the first is to be found in the journey of Abraham's servant to bring home Rebekah, and that the answer to the second lies in the history of the woman of Tekoah. But it is to be feared that children who are neither particularly quick-witted nor particularly patient would be apt to desert the enigmas for the tales. Nor is there wanting matter for graver tastes equally inconsistent with Sabbatarian theory. Within the compass of one article on "Winter Days" there are quotations from Tennyson's *Maud*, from Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, from Spenser's *Faery Queen*, from Wordsworth, from Longfellow, and from Edgar Poe. What chance, with an Evangelical young lady just blooming into sentimentality, will "Satan's Address to his Peers" have after such reading as is here provided?

Speaking seriously, we have turned over the pages of this magazine with very sincere pleasure. Amid much that is displeasing to good taste, there are considerable traces that the extreme strictness which has made Sunday a weedy penance to so many thousands of children is gradually becoming relaxed in the very quarters where it has hitherto held unchallenged possession. If the Religious Tract Society can once be brought to realize the recondite truth that human beings are not simply machines of so many sermon power, we may hope that the singular superstition about Sunday which, invented in Scotland, found its way into England with the Puritans, survived the Restoration, and finally gained a new lease of life from the founders of the Evangelical movement, is at length beginning to give way to a doctrine less modern, less irrational, and less Jewish. Perhaps, unlikely as it now seems, the time may come when even a Scotch Presbyterian will accept the teaching of St. Paul, and cease to judge his neighbour "in respect of the Sabbath," any more than "in respect of meat, or of drink, or of a holiday, or of the new moon."

CHILDISH TALK ABOUT CHILDREN.

IT scarcely required two long columns of the *Times* to elaborate the elementary thesis on which S. G. O. has been allowed to gossip in public. To arrive at an age in which a man may be looking out for the honours of grandfathership, and then to discover that the nursery has something to do with human education, and that little pitchers have long ears, is an indication of the ingenuous mind as rare as it is amusing. However, S. G. O. illustrates in person his own not recondite discourses in psychology. Impressions, he seems to say, are made—he does not quite know how—on what he calls the brain. These impressions may long remain dormant, but some accident brings them into unexpected activity. The seeds of thought may seem to have died, but they are asleep, not dead. We must do S. G. O. the justice to observe that his letter illustrates this very remarkable moral phenomenon which strikes him as being so novel. For it is impossible that any human being can have arrived at the age of fifty without becoming cognizant of this fact, which is now announced as a discovery. It must have presented itself to S. G. O. the very first time he ever saw a child, and we can only suppose that he had forgotten it, and that his original dormant impression is now revived because one day last week he saw a child for the first time for a quarter of a century. This is indeed what S. G. O. "holds further" on this, to him, difficult and mysterious subject. We all of us, he informs us, see many things which apparently make no impression on us, but an after event shows that we were, however unconsciously, impressed by the now forgotten or neglected fact. These discoveries in mental science almost persuade us that Condillac is revived among us, and they will go far to wipe away the reproach that the English mind is incapable of hard thinking on psychological subjects. With this disquisition on so deep a point before us, we are not without hopes that some correspondent of the *Times*—say the Bee-master—will soon be able to announce that, by dint of severe intellectual exercise,

he has come to the conclusion—a conclusion "which has not received the consideration due to it"—that the radii of a circle very frequently equal each other.

Once more surveying the microcosm of the infantine mind, and being persuaded that the said infantine mind is susceptible of mental impressions, S. G. O. proceeds to record his conviction, not hastily adopted, that the chances are that such impressions are often—he will not say always—produced by the instrumentality of those adults or companions with whom the child associates. This is S. G. O.'s syllogism. All children are influenced by those in whose society they are placed; nurserymaids are the people in whose society children are placed, therefore nurserymaids influence children. After turning over this profound argument in every way, we see no formal flaw in it; and, on the whole, after again giving our whole powers to the subject, we accept the matter of the propositions, major and minor. The major may almost be said to be self-evident, and, as to the minor, we think that it may safely be granted that nurserymaids and children are generally to be found in the nursery. But now comes the warning:—parents and guardians, godfathers and godmothers, ought to be very careful what they say and do, or allow others to say and do, before little children.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia,

we think we have heard that an old heathen said pretty nigh two thousand years ago. However, we are thankful to S. G. O. for small mercies and for his warning, for it is none the worse because it has probably presented itself to every decent parent since the infancy of Cain and Abel. But then, as a matter of fact, nurserymaids are not what they might be—an observation which is quite true, though this too is not, strictly speaking, a discovery. We are none of us so careful as we ought to be, none of us so good, none of us so imbued with every virtue and every prudence. An ideal educator ought, in every thought, and word, and work, to be sensitively alive to his terrible responsibility. Nay more. Every one of us, every day and all day long, in some subtle way, may be influencing another for good or evil. Nurserymaids, we apprehend, are subject to the same universal conditions with all other human beings who ever lived or who ever shall live. The ideal nurserymaid is to be looked for, and, when found, treasured like the ideal and perfect man. But if it is intended by S. G. O. to imply—and if he does not intend to imply this, his platitudes and truisms are rather silly—that now, more than at any other time, nursery education is neglected, and that housemaids are a deteriorating class, this is a view of modern society which we utterly deny. Nursery education, like all other education, has attained a generally higher level than formerly. Mothers have more sense, generally speaking, than they had a century ago. If, among all the women in England, nurserymaids are worse than they were, it is for S. G. O. to prove it, which he has not attempted to do.

There is, however, a graver and a broader question, as to education, on which S. G. O.'s gossipings are calculated to do some harm if not carefully examined. He seems—for it is not easy, in such a flux of commonplace, to extract any very definite proposition from his talk—to believe that, if it were possible to isolate a child from all knowledge of evil, from hearing a single naughty word, or being thrown with vicious associates, he would be sure to grow up into a perfect man. It has been attempted to put this notion into practice, but the results are not encouraging. In the first place, the thing cannot be done; and in the next, if it could be done, experience shows that it must fail. Character may be over educated till it is killed. We are not so foolish as to say that careful education does no good; but we do say that, while human nature is what it is, the most perfect education must be more or less a failure. And this conclusion has its practical value in the real life and business of a family. If a mother were to be perpetually on the fidget, always nervously and sensitively apprehensive of the faintest possible shadow of a cloud passing over the fair sheet of God's white paper, a mother's life would be intolerable. Let her do her best by all means; but let her also comfort herself with the reflection that the best will be imperfect, and something of a failure, after every solicitude and in spite of the most watchful care. It would, we think, be a positive evil if young mothers were under the ever-present feeling that their little ones were sure to be corrupted if left for an hour to a hireling's care. Not without sense and point, towards the conclusion of his letter, S. G. O. inveighs against what is really a special and perhaps increasing defect of our education; that is of the education of the present day as compared with the education of the past. He says, and justly, that children are forced into unnatural and precocious development and deportment; that they are moulded to an artificial life; that they are trimmed up for drawing-room display; that they are drilled, and laced, and wired, and padded to the utter destruction and simplicity of child character. This is true, and well put. And because the censure is directed against a really existing, and perhaps increasing, vice of modern education, we ought to be thankful to S. G. O. for his vigorous and sensible protest against it. But let this well-meaning writer apply the same truth to moral training. There may be Turveydrops in moral as well as in physical deportment. What is true of the schoolboy is true of the infant. We know so little about the mind that, as it is true that too much moral and religious training does more harm than good, and that to attempt to isolate a boy from all contact with moral evil is sure to end in making him either a hypocrite or a fool, so it is possible that this may be just as true of a baby's mind. We cannot conceive of

mind, even in its earliest and most rudimentary condition, as being totally devoid of a regulating and self-adjusting and compensating function, or without some natural power of declining to assimilate noxious or unwholesome food. Besides, were we disposed to speculate, who could convince us of error if we were to say that it may be that the mind is never in a rudimentary or undeveloped form? and that it is not so much that the mind is ever imperfect in itself, as that at various ages it is surrounded by different opportunities of developing its constant nature? Indeed, S. G. O. himself seems to have caught a glimpse of this view, though he hardly knows how to use it. He says—and it is no discovery—that pure-minded women have often been known, under the influence of fever or mania, to give utterance to depraved language, and to express sentiments wholly inconsistent with their real character and moral nature. Does not this fact lead to the suspicion that an infant's mind may have the same self-adjusting faculty in a healthy and natural state as the mind of an adult? A very young child may hear vile language, and may be influenced by immoral suggestions. But it does not follow that this evil will ever come out in practical life. The seed, it is true, is there; but it is covered up and buried too deep for fructification by subsequent good teaching, and, for all practical purposes, is as though it were not. Yet it may, under some unnatural influence, be brought near to the light of the day. Some moral cataclysm in mature life may reverse the moral strata. An unnatural and diseased moral condition may vivify the early seeds of evil. But it is futile to argue from an exceptional and diseased condition. What we say is, that, granting that a young child's mind may have had evil planted in it, it by no means follows that this evil will ever bear fruit; because it is a fact that the most virtuous women have in early years been subject to some verbal contamination and are none the worse for it, and it is a fact that the pure woman never would have uttered base and revolting words had she not been under the influence of actual disease.

Lastly, S. G. O. seems to be afraid that a good deal of our nursery training is vicious because children are frightened by bad servants, threatened with "boggy" and "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" tales. As to the mere matter of fact, we believe that this is not so; and that there never was a time in which the superstitious fears of very young children were so little appealed to as now. There may be and always will be exceptions; but, as a rule, children's books and child discipline do not now always appeal to

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos leumures, portentaque Thessala. . .

As a matter of fact, the black man in the closet is not now-a-days known. And there is this possible danger in accepting too completely S. G. O.'s hints on this subject. Mystery, imagination, fancy, and the unseen are the domain in which the child's mind naturally revels and expatiates. But the kingdom of mystery must have its two sides—the terrible as well as the romantic. We cannot think that S. G. O. intends to proscribe fairy tales or fables from their proper place as instruments of education. But it would be false and unnatural to construct fairy tales which should have all Lady Dulcianas and no ogres, or to make the fairy world all jam and no crust. "An awful owl with eyes of fire" is the natural and appropriate correlative of the dove with diamond crest and ruby legs. It would be difficult to say, if you may tell a child of a valley full of trees every leaf of which was a jewel, why you are not to invent a dungeon tenanted by toads and vipers. We doubt the dangers of even Fee-Faw-Fum himself. Of course it is quite true that there are children of delicate and frail constitution, of a morbidly nervous temperament—that is to say, of a diseased organization—to whom any sort of fairy tale would be positively mischievous. But we demur to the philosophy, if we may call it so, of attempting to lay down a general rule on the matter. Still more strongly do we object to any doctrine which seems to say that infantine education must be confined to the presentation of dry matters of fact exclusively.

HESSE-CASSEL.

MOST English travellers have been occasionally charmed with the air of quiet that hangs about an out-of-the-way German town. The contrast between the ceaseless stir of London and the placid sleepiness of Pumpernickel is refreshing for a time. You have drifted out of the great current of life into a quiet little backwater, where the mere sense of repose is pleasant. You smile benignantly at the little army with as many generals as privates, and at the little Court with its childish little ceremonies, and you half wish, for the first day or two, that you could take life as easily, and eat sauerkraut and smoke homegrown tobacco as contentedly, as your phlegmatic German friends. Of course, after a short time it becomes insufferably dull and monotonous; it is as inferior to English life in interest as an oyster's to an eagle's; but you continue to believe that it must be pleasant to those who have been brought up in the atmosphere. Ulysses gets very restless after a few months' lotos-eating, because he has been accustomed to a more stirring life; but the mild-eyed melancholy natives probably continue to lead a happy sea-anemone existence to the last. We therefore generally picture to ourselves the inhabitants of a small German principality as very dull, very good-tempered, often very conceited, but as breathing the essence of contentment.

It would not be difficult to show that the reality corresponds very ill with this imaginary portrait. Flesh and blood do not cease to be flesh and blood even when fed upon German sausages. The subjects of a small German duke or prince are

liable to special vexations whenever he takes to active governing. The inconvenience of tyranny may be said, in mathematical language, to vary inversely as the average distance of the tyrant. When a pettifogging prince, with a belief in his own divine right, with a passion for trivial interference, and with no practical checks to his authority, is always buzzing about a district so small that his subjects cannot get out of his way, he becomes an intolerable bore. If a Frenchman thinks his liberty unduly abridged, France is big enough for him and the Emperor to live in it together without treading on each other's toes. But a wretched inhabitant of Hesse-Cassel must be incessantly reminded, by direct personal observation, that he has got an Elector over him who is a petty tyrant of the pettiest kind, and who can never be turned out till leave is obtained from one of the great German Powers. It is true that Hesse-Cassel is not one of the least States in the Confederation. Its area is three-fourths that of Yorkshire. Its population is nearly equal to that of Staffordshire. It has an army of near 8,000 men. If it does not rise to the serious, it soars above the States which we can only consider to belong to the comic order. An Elector of Hesse-Cassel rules over 750,000 people, and the present Elector seems admirably qualified for producing the maximum of vexation to three-quarters of a million of people. In a smaller population his powers would not have full scope. In a much larger, he would scarcely be able to indulge the propensities ascribed to him for looking into everything himself, from the appointment of Ministers down to the arrangement of placards for the theatre. Now a passion for looking into things is merely another name for a spirit of teasing which is sometimes more annoying than deliberate tyranny.

The people of Hesse-Cassel, if the address of their Chambers is to be relied upon, think themselves specially unlucky, even amongst the subjects of petty princes. They have accordingly given the Elector a bit of their minds. They describe themselves, we doubt not with perfect accuracy, as amongst the bravest and most industrious races of the earth. The only gleam of good fortune that they have had for the last thirty years was the result of their once frightening their beloved ruler out of his dominions. The epidemic prevalent about 1831 was fatal to the Government of Hesse-Cassel, as to some more deeply-rooted dynasties. The old Elector found it expedient to disappear. The accession of the present Elector to his father's place, and the grant of a new Constitution, were simultaneous. For a few years things went well. But, after that time, Hesse sank to the verge of commercial ruin. The famine year of 1846 reduced it to the lowest ebb. After 1848 came another period of reckoning for princes. Their beloved ruler, after some concessions, was again turned out of his capital, to the unanimous delight of his subjects; but an event apparently so auspicious did not produce a correspondingly fortunate result. Hesse-Cassel unfortunately became the ground upon which Austria and Prussia settled their differences. At that time, Austrian statesmen had the stronger nerves, and as Prussia fell back irresolute before the menace of war, Austria had it her own way in Hesse-Cassel, as elsewhere. The Convention of Olmütz restored the Elector to his long-suffering subjects, and enabled him to promulgate a new Constitution. Since that time, as they tell him with great plainness, everything has gone wrong. Great expenses were incurred and great evils inflicted by the entrance of foreign troops in 1850. Acts conducive to the welfare of the people have since come to be reckoned as rarities. The country has suffered from the exercise of an exaggerated right of State supervision; schools have declined; trade has fallen off; agriculture has deteriorated. In 1860, the people judiciously resolved to give up paying taxes, a course of conduct which, to some extent, brought the Elector to the stage of repentance indicated by a willingness to promise. Owing to the interference of Prussia, he pledged himself to restore the Constitution of 1831. It seems, however, that this promise has never been fully carried into effect. The melancholy state of the country is attributed by the Chamber partly to this breach of promise, and partly to the undue meddling of Government. It is not wonderful that, in their opinion, "a dark fate seems to rest upon this land so beautiful, and blessed by God," or that "a period of sturdy reformation in legislation and administration must follow, unless irrevocable misfortunes are to fall upon Electoral Hesse."

This "remonstrance" is evidently not of a character to soothe the princely temper. Although it is not expressly asserted, it is plainly insinuated, that the only periods of prosperity for his subjects have been those when they turned him out, that wherever he interferes, he does mischief, and that where his interference might be of some use, he lets things alone. It is not surprising that the Elector replies much in the spirit of a Stuart king of England addressing a refractory Parliament. Of course, being a German, he manages to put what he has to say into a good many sentences, and those rather cumbrous ones. But the characteristic insolence is there, though wrapped up in unwieldy phrases. The Chambers are told, with a ponderous attempt at repartee, that they have not erroneously called their address an unusual step, and that in taking it they have overstepped the limits placed to their sphere of action. The Elector holds up his hands in holy horror at the thought that they have dared to criticize "periods of Government of our ancestors now resting in God." If they have not got the Constitution yet, it is their own fault. They must make up their minds "to desist from their frequent attempts to bring about a settlement at the expense of the unassailable prerogatives of the Crown, and a secure order of State life." What "a secure order of State life" may mean is a profound mystery to any non-Teutonic mind; we regret that the Chambers should have shown

indifference to it if it is a good thing. The plain English, however, of the whole document is, that the Elector does not care a pin for the Chambers, and that if they try to find fault with his Government they will be made to hold their tongues. As to the practical reforms for which they ask, in the first place, they don't say plainly what it is they want; and, in the next place, the Elector will do exactly what is right, that is, exactly what he chooses to do, whether they want it or not. It must be a charming thing to be a subject of the Elector.

What part of the evils attributed in this document to the action and to the inaction of Government is really due to the causes assigned, may be doubtful. The passage in the address which brings in the famine year of 1846 as apparently one of the charges against the Elector, reminds us unpleasantly of a similar style of argument nearer home. A confusion between the potato-disease and the Government has prevailed in our own islands. It takes so much bad administration to cause a decline in schools, trade, and agriculture—not to speak of famine or large blue flies—that the decline, if real, has probably other concurrent causes. The unpopularity of the Elector may, perhaps, make him a convenient chopping-block. It is pleasant to have at hand some natural vent whenever you are angry; abuse of the reigning prince, in many cases, affords relief when other remedies are insufficient. At the same time, when the ruler of a people has come, after thirty years' reign, to occupy such a position that they instinctively and unanimously attribute all their social and material ills to him as a mere matter of course, and believe that his absence is the great panacea for all their political diseases, one can hardly help wishing that its efficiency might be tried. Probably, if matters were left entirely to the people of Hesse, they would at least make the experiment; and even if the result convinced them that they were still suffering from more deeply-seated evils, they would have got rid of a nuisance and learnt a useful lesson. Unfortunately, as we have said, there are other Powers to be consulted. Every little State in Germany must be ridden by its own tormentor till it pleases Austria and Prussia to allow them to be cast off. We can only hope that, when Schleswig-Holstein is satisfactorily settled, and when the sympathies excited by the brutal execution in England of a German murderer have cooled down, Germans will find some efficient sympathy to spare for their fellow-countrymen. They are still rather backward scholars in Constitutional Government. The weight of huge standing armies doubtless makes it rather difficult to carry out the English precedents of two hundred years ago according to the original programme. The force of public opinion will, we presume, in time make the remonstrance of the people of Hesse-Cassel as effective as its English parallel. The present Elector will perhaps have gone to join the ancestors whose resting-place he has indicated with such pious confidence, before that epoch arrives. But we can hardly doubt that even this remote corner of Europe will cease, sooner or later, to be liable to be insulted by the insolence of a petty tyrant while the rest of the country looks on with indifference.

The reference of the Elector to his respectable ancestors can scarcely increase the confidence with which we should anticipate the good deeds of his posterity. The name of "Hessians" naturally recalls to Englishmen one of the most disgraceful transactions in our history, but one which is, on the whole, still more disgraceful to the ruler of Hesse-Cassel than to us. It was a prince of Hesse-Cassel who sold soldiers to England to suppress the revolt in the American colonies. After bargaining, with disgraceful cunning, for the supply of soldiers to fight in a foreign quarrel—extorting money from England with one hand and from his own subjects with the other—he succeeded in raising, during the war, one-twentieth of his subjects, or one-fourth of their able-bodied men, and in disposing of them on extortionate terms. Whatever may be thought of the buyer, there can be no doubt as to the infamy of the seller. The present ruler appears to behave in a way more worthy of a civilized age. He does not dispose of men directly to fight American battles. He only collects his taxes, whilst they are reduced to such poverty as to induce them to emigrate. He therefore does not sell them; he only takes so much that it is worth their while to sell themselves. On the whole, perhaps it is the best thing they can do. If they cannot turn their Elector out of the country, they can still leave it themselves. Some of them may be forced to fight in a foreign quarrel. But, at any rate, they will find countrymen living in prosperity on the fertile plains of Illinois, where, whatever troubles may assail them, they will be free for once and for ever from the petty vexations of German princes.

AMERICAN CHARITY.

TO be able to make a present with a good grace is a talent not given to everybody. There are many people who, whether they are giving on a large or a small scale, always seem ashamed of themselves and disgusted with their gift. If they give to a beggar, they toss the penny as if it were a curse. If they are presenting a bridal couple with a carriage and pair, they make a mumbling speech and hasten away as fast as they can. They cannot even tip a schoolboy without making him feel momentarily uncomfortable. The want of ease with which such persons do their good deeds is no sign of a want of hearty feeling. Frequently, the most ungraceful givers are really the most generous. But there is one form of ungracefulness which is a tolerably certain sign that the generosity of which it is an accompaniment is more or less artificial. When people talk about their gifts after they

have been given and accepted and used, they are guilty of a piece of ungracious egotism which is a great deal worse than mere awkwardness of manner. The conceited Dives who tells young men to their faces how much they are indebted to him for a start in life is not more unpleasant than a man who, after making you a handsome present, insists on letting you know how it occurred to him to make you a present at all, where he purchased it, how much he gave for it, and how you may make the most suitable return. This sort of conduct is simply odious. One has proverbially no right to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but may we not bargain against a kick from its heels?

As the art of giving in such a way as to make the person obliged by the gift feel perfectly at his ease is one of the most crucial tests of good breeding, it would have been uncommonly rash to expect that the beneficence of the people of the United States, in sending relief to the Lancashire operatives, would be accomplished without some ungracious self-gratulation. The egotistical philanthropist pompously discoursing in after-dinner mood to the recipients of his charity is faithfully reproduced in the "Report of the American International Relief Committee for the Suffering Operatives of Great Britain." This report contains a minute account of the whole movement, from its beginning in the minds of Messrs. Dodge, Traak, Lathers, Ruggles, and others, until its conclusion in the satisfactory statement that each person in the long list of donors "felt his heart thrill with a new joy as he thought of the anguish which his gift had helped to allay; and imagining himself summoned before the Almighty Judge, heard from His lips that divine approval, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'" The Committee feel themselves entitled to an especial share in this fine imaginary thrilling of the heart, for, "if we have had the larger proportion of the toil in this labour of love, we have also had the greater share in the enjoyment of the luxury of giving, and have more than once felt how pleasant as well as reasonable was the wise man's injunction, 'Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it.'" And in the same strain they go on to talk about the consolation they derived for all their labour and care in superintending the shipments from the thought of the suffering they were alleviating. They treat the whole matter as one of exact compensation. The donor who gives five dollars feels a five-dollar thrill; the donor of five thousand feels a five-thousand-dollar thrill; while a committeeman reasonably feels the most tremendous thrill of all. The affair is made to resemble one of those places where the charge for admission is "returned in refreshments," only here the refreshment is purely spiritual. It may be noticed that the use of the *George Griswold* is valued in money, and estimated at nineteen thousand dollars, so that the owners may know their exact share of the general heart-thrilling which the report so beautifully commemorates. It is enough to make any man's heart thrill when he hears that, by the bounty which he sent, "homes once happy, but blighted by famine, have been again enlightened by hope; and while hunger has been allayed, the sympathy we have evinced for the sufferings of those hard-handed sons and daughters of toil has endeared us greatly to them, and made stronger the bonds of affection which should ever unite nations sprung from a common origin, speaking the same language, and glorying in a common literature and a common faith." It is a pity to spoil so magnificent an outburst by criticism, but what is meant by the common faith? Both England and America are nominally Christian, it is true; still, so are France, and Germany, and Russia, and most other civilized countries. The common faith cannot be any particular form of Christianity, because the United States pride themselves on the variety of creeds which flourish within their borders. Is the common faith belief in the almighty dollar, or spirit-rapping, or a republican government? This expression must, we fear, be regarded as equally otiose and unmeaning with the epithet applied to the Lancashire sons and daughters of toil. Hard-handed is the very last phrase which a spinner would like to have employed about himself, and his great grievance has been that the public works will ruin the tenderness of his fingers. Surely, for once, empty rhetoric and bunkum might have been left out in a simple report of receipt and expenditure.

But, if bunkum had been omitted, there would have been no chance of letting the Britishers know that "tens of thousands were saved from the horrors of starvation by the timely distribution of food sent from this country." There would have been no chance of vaunting the charity which in the midst of their own perils forbade "us refuse to share our food with those who were ready to perish." And we should have lost the grand, though somewhat monotonous, exclamation, that "the piteous cry of the starving operatives of the Mother-country, some of them 'bone of our bone,' and all endeared to us by a common language, a common literature, and a common origin, appealed too strongly to our hearts to be resisted." The omission of a common faith is a decided improvement in this version. But even in the midst of all this rotund gabble about common language and so on, it is rather hard to forget that the very people who talk so sentimentally about kinsmanship are at the same moment prosecuting, on a scale of unexampled magnitude, a war for the subjugation or ruin of a nation with whom they are in every way infinitely more closely connected than they are with us. It is very easy to pour forth fine sayings about the mercy due to the bone of our bone, but in the mouths of the aiders and abettors of Butler and Turchin they are the most revolting kind of cant. But it is all in keeping with

the rest. The great public philanthropist who recounts his deeds of charity with restless iteration is often a miserly tyrant to his own kith and kin. It is not worth while going into the question whether tens of thousands of operatives would have perished but for the flour and pork which was sent from America. Certainly at the time this alleged urgency of the danger was not suspected. The gift was as welcome as gift could be, but nobody in England dreamed that Lancashire had got the last loaf and the last sovereign, and that no more were forthcoming. It would be easy to show that the coffers of the Relief Committees were never drained, and that, if they had been, there was plenty of money with which to refill them. If the Americans, however, like to think that but for them Lancashire would be covered by this time with the bleaching bones of tens of thousands of operatives, it is quite unnecessary to take from them their single source of congratulation. People who are straining every nerve to crush or subdue their own brethren must need some little compensation for their finer feelings; and if they find it in the fancy that they have saved a community of strangers, they are welcome to it. It would be superfluous unkindness to show that their fancy is a sheer hallucination.

In spite of the assurance that their charity had no political bearing whatever, the Committee have not failed to insert the letters of two of the largest subscribers, who take no trouble to veil the connexion between their charity and the presumed political sympathies of the operatives. One of these is a gentleman who is anonymous. He sends his seven thousand dollars because the Lancashire operatives have acted nobly; "famishing men surrounded by their little ones, faint, and at the point to die, will not join the clamour of interested leaders." "Will you add to your list," he concludes, "one thousand barrels of flour from one whose loaf will taste the sweeter for sharing it with a famished brother, and brand it—UNION." Messrs. Griswold, the most ample donors of all, openly call the operatives their friends, "because these people have shown a forbearance and consideration for the North which some in higher positions have not evinced"; and, with the exquisitely good taste so peculiar to their nation, they distinctly characterize their gift as a mark of respect to the Queen, whose "regard for the opinions and her firmness in adhering to the advice of her excellent husband alone prevented a rupture between Great Britain and this country." It seems, therefore, that, in the case of some at least of the contributors, they thought rather less of the anguish they had helped to allay and of the approval of the Almighty, than of rewarding supposed political partisans and calumniating supposed political adversaries. Our first thought is that nobody but an American could be so entirely devoid of all perception of fitness and pertinence, until we get further into the Report, and find Englishmen equally ready to seize any possible opportunity of intruding private views and advocating irrelevant opinions. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, with good taste and moderation, confined themselves, in their acknowledgment of Transatlantic liberality, to saying that men of all shades of opinion would rejoice to see the war terminated in any way that would not be inconsistent with American honour. Manchester, unhappily, too often speaks through the mouths of a few self-elected persons who correspond, in character and general social weight, to the licensed victuallers who govern Marylebone or Finsbury. And on this occasion they expressed their fervent sympathy with the Northern struggle "for freedom and nationality." "No amount of privation," they declared, "will induce the people of the cotton districts to sanction any recognition of a confederacy based upon the doctrine that it is right for man to hold property in man." Then an address was presented to the officers of the *Griswold*, purporting to "express the feelings of the community generally," in which it appears that the community generally "sympathises entirely and unalterably with the friends of freedom," and "earnestly desires the maintenance of the Union." These and other equally monstrous impertinences are carefully collected in the Report, and figure conspicuously in that political manifesto. The whole is then sent forth as a businesslike account of what has really taken place. Tens of thousands of Lancashire operatives were at the point of death. The Americans were very busy, but they determined to save them, and they did so. In gratitude, the whole English nation, except a few interested people in the upper classes, has turned warmly Northern in its sympathies. Let any one turn to this Report who wishes to read about disinterested beneficence, unaffected piety, tender regard for human life, and genuine humility; but if he wishes to realize the truth, he must carefully reverse each of these virtues.

THE LAW OF BETTING.

THE industrious persons who pursue their labours at "the ruins," or beneath the trees in Hyde Park, are likely to be seriously disturbed by a recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas. The effect of that decision, shortly stated, is that a "betting-house" need not have walls and a roof in order to expose it to legal penalties. It is enacted by the Betting-Houses Act, 16 and 17 Vict. c. 119, s. 1, which was passed in 1853, that "no house, office, room, or other place" shall be opened, kept, or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof, or any person using the same, betting with persons resorting thereto. By s. 5, any money received by any person aforesaid as a deposit on any bet shall be deemed to have been received for the use of the person from whom the same was received, and may be recovered in any Court of competent jurisdiction. In the late case of *Doggett v. Catters*, the defendant was a commission agent and bookmaker

upon races, and was in the habit of waiting by a certain tree in Hyde Park for customers. The plaintiff came to him and backed a horse for a handicap on the day of the race, which was to be run at Lincoln, and, as usual in that style of business, deposited with the defendant £1 10s., the amount for which he backed the horse. A few hours before the bet was laid the horse had been scratched. The plaintiff, upon this fact becoming known to him, claimed to have back his money; but the defendant alleged that he did business upon the rule that "all bets stand on the day of the race, scratched or not," and that this rule was known to the plaintiff, and adopted by him. An action was brought to recover the amount deposited, and, if the case came within the law against betting-houses, there could be no defence.

The Court considered that the evidence before it showed "that the defendant was in the habit of betting generally with persons who chose to resort to the place which he used for that purpose—namely, a tree in Hyde Park." The mischief, said the Court, would be the same whether the business of betting was carried on under a tree, or under canvas, or in a room; and the words of the Act, "house, office, room, or other place," were wide enough to include this case. In answer to the argument that this construction of the Act of 1853 would go far to take away the liberty which was given to betting transactions by the Act of 1845, the Court expressed its opinion that the Act of 1853 "was meant to apply to persons using a place for betting as a habit"; but that this Act did not affect the legality of bets laid in the streets or elsewhere "as isolated transactions," or "at accidental meetings." The influence of this decision is likely to be felt, not only under the trees of Hyde Park and upon the waste space adjacent to the Metropolitan Railway station, but also wherever bookmakers do business with customers of low or high degree. Certainly, if the object of the Legislature was "to protect the young against professional persons using a place for betting as a habit," those youngsters who deal in "ponies" are quite as worthy of regard as those who only risk half-crowns. Indeed, the principle on which the Court of Common Pleas proceeded may easily be made applicable to the Ring at Epsom or Ascot, or even to Tattersall's itself. The subscribers will have little comfort in their new room if they should experience a revival of the legal troubles which disturbed them twenty years ago. Mr. Catters was probably only one of several bookmakers who transacted business simultaneously under the tree in Hyde Park. One of the judges said, "We may fairly construe a tree to be such a place as is contemplated by the Act"; but it deserves consideration whether the Act ought not to be understood as applying only to a place which somebody invites or permits you to enter, in order that you may make a bet with him, or for his profit. The substance of the clause of the Act on which the question turns is, "No place shall be used for the purpose of any person using the same betting with persons resorting thereto." Surely these words apply quite as much to a great bookmaker standing at a particular point of a room or ring as to a small bookmaker standing under a tree. The Act may have intended to speak either of what may be called an exclusive use of a "place," or of a use of it in common with as many persons as desire to use it and it will accommodate. A man who in ordinary understanding keeps a betting-office clearly has an exclusive use of the place where he keeps it. If he departs from that place, no other man can step into it and do the same kind of business as he was doing. But, suppose a man takes his stand under a tree, either with no indication at all of the business which he desires to do, or perhaps with a movable iron rod stuck into the ground, bearing an announcement of his name and of the odds which he is willing to lay against certain horses, the only place which he uses exclusively is the very spot of ground on which he stands, and as soon as he moves away some other person may come and occupy it for the same purpose, or, if he prefers, may deliver from it a Chartist lecture or a Methodist sermon—perhaps giving out a hymn instead of offering to lay the odds. If there can be exclusive use of a "place" under a tree, there can be also of a "place" at Tattersall's or on a racecourse; and therefore every member of the Ring, whenever and wherever he does his ordinary course of business, is affected by this Act. As we have said before, the Act may speak either of an exclusive or a common use of a "place"; but if it means a common use, then beyond doubt the ordinary meetings at Tattersall's, where a number of persons come together to bet, are within the Act, and this could not have been contemplated. It must, therefore, mean an exclusive use; and if so, the "place" intended must be something larger, and with more distinct boundaries, than the mere spot of ground on which a man takes his stand. It seems to follow that a tree is not such a "place" as is contemplated by the Act.

There are several other arguments which lead to the same conclusion. In the first place, the preamble to the Act shows that it was directed to the suppression of "places called betting-houses or offices." Secondly, there is a well-known rule of law that general words following an enumeration of particulars are to be restricted to things *ejusdem generis* with those enumerated; and therefore it cannot be said that a tree in Hyde Park comes properly within the enactment that "no house, office, room, or other place shall be opened, kept, or used," &c. A third argument may be derived from a close examination of the language of the Act, and, although such examination may be tedious, it will be well worth while to make it.

By section 1, no house, office, room, or other place shall be opened, kept, or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof, or any person using the same, betting with persons

resorting thereto. And every house, &c. so opened, &c. is declared to be a common nuisance. It may be remarked that it is not an ordinary use of language to call a tree in Hyde Park a common nuisance.

By section 2, every house, &c. opened, &c. shall be deemed to be a common gaming house.

By section 3, a penalty is imposed on those who do the things already forbidden.

By section 4, any person, being the owner or occupier of any house, office, room, or place opened, kept, or used for the purposes aforesaid, or any person acting on behalf of any such owner or occupier, or having the care or management, or in any manner assisting in conducting the business thereof, who shall receive any money as a deposit on any bet, shall be liable to a penalty.

By section 5, on which the decision turned, any money received "by any such person aforesaid" as a deposit on any bet shall be deemed to have been received for the use of the person from whom the same was received, and may be recovered accordingly in any court of competent jurisdiction.

Now, the question is, what is meant by "any such person aforesaid," and the obvious meaning seems to be any such person as is mentioned in the preceding section. The persons mentioned in section 4 are, to speak briefly, keepers of betting-houses and their assistants, and such persons would be the natural objects of section 5. But the Court of Common Pleas considered that by the words "any such person aforesaid," they were thrown back to all that had gone before, and thus they were induced to reckon among the objects of section 5 persons using any place for the purpose of betting, as mentioned in section 1. Upon sound principles of verbal criticism, it would appear that section 5 ought to be restricted to the transactions of persons who keep betting-houses; and the same conclusion will be reached by considering the intention of the Legislature, which probably was to suppress betting-houses, but not to prohibit betting. The question whether betting should be prohibited was carefully considered in Committee before the passing of the Games and Wagers Act of 1845, which was brought forward in consequence of leading men upon the Turf being assailed with what were called *qui tam* actions. By the Act of 1845 (8 and 9 Vict. c. 109) the old statutes making it an offence to win by betting at any one time 10*l.* were repealed, and all pending actions and informations for penalties were discontinued. It was further enacted that all contracts or agreements by way of gaming or wagering should for the future be null and void, and that no suit should be maintained for recovering any money alleged to be won upon any wager, or which should have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager should have been made. This clause expresses the deliberate mind of Parliament as to how it would deal with betting. Strong evidence was given before the Committee that breeders of horses would not breed for stakes alone, and that the hope of winning bets was necessary for their encouragement. This and other considerations induced Parliament to repeal the old penal laws, and to place bets upon this footing, that they should no longer be illegal, but in the eye of the law simply void. You cannot recover a bet by legal process, but if you employ an agent to bet for you, and he receives your winnings, and declines to "part," the law will help you to compel him. You might perhaps think that a suit against such an agent would be a suit "for recovering money alleged to be won upon a wager," but the law would tell you that it is not. Again, though it is enacted that no suit shall be maintained for recovering money deposited to abide the event on which a wager shall have been made, this clause applies only to cases where the event has, in sporting phrase, "come off." And if a match of any kind falls through, the money deposited may be recovered by action. Thus, when the articles for a fight between Mace and Coburn were broken, it was open to the parties to sue the stakeholder each for his own share of the money "posted;" and this, although a prize-fight, differs from a horse-race in being unlawful. There have been several cases lately, from which it would seem to be a fair inference that the Courts of Law look with leniency upon betting; but now comes this case in the Court of Common Pleas, which threatens to abolish betting altogether. The direct result of this case must be, that a man may make a bet with a bookmaker and deposit the amount for which he backs a horse, and if the horse wins he may claim the odds laid, while, if the horse loses, he can compel repayment of his deposit. Of course, it is idle to ask bookmakers to continue to do business on the principle of risking everything and having no chance to win anything. The indirect result of the case must be, that any person using a tree for the purpose of betting is liable to a penalty of 100*l.* under section 3 of the Act. It would be satisfactory to have this decision considered more maturely before it is allowed to take its full effect, which seems likely to be little short of rendering both Tattersall's and "the ruins" solitudes.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IT may seem, to those who have never witnessed a Westminster Play, that Plautus or Terence must appear there under great disadvantages. Acting, and that of high comedy especially, demands in its performers an amount of practice and discipline quite incompatible with the proper studies of a great public school. The language of the plays is shorn, by our pronunciation of Latin, of its native dignity and grace. The manners represented are alien to our manners; the wit and humour belong to a remote past, and to a dissimilar condition of society. The simplicity of ancient

comedy is quite unlike the bustle and intrigue of modern. Female characters are either feebly sketched or kept out of sight. All the business is conducted in a public street or place—a bare possibility in Athens or Rome, an utter impossibility in England. Many of the characters represented have among us neither types nor descendants. We may be curious to see what amused people in tunics and togas two thousand or more years ago, but curiosity is but a poor substitute for the feelings that attract us to representations of the modern drama.

We believe that a little experience of Westminster Plays would modify, if it did not remove, such distrust as we have imagined of the still inherent fitness of ancient comedy for representation. Not that we would have it transferred to public theatres, or put into the hands of regular actors. The play and the actors would alike disconcert each other. A certain *genius loci* is essential for such exhibitions; a certain chain of associations is needful for success. The comedy represented should predominate over the actors in it. It is Terence or Plautus that we go to see, not celebrities in old or young characters. We do not expect all the spectators on such occasions to be learned clerks, or especially intimate with the piece represented; but we may fairly reckon on their retaining some interest in their youthful studies, even if they have long ago ceased to follow them, and on their being, so far at least, a capable and sympathising audience. Most of these conditions for appreciating a Westminster Play may be found existing in the annual spectators of these performances. There is, in the first place, the *genius loci*, for the place of assembly is devoted to the study of the ancients—there are the fitting associations; some of the audience have trod the same boards on similar occasions; yet more have shared in the studies of former actors on them. Again, there are even higher and prouder associations at work. We behold in the youthful actors a portion of the spring-time and hope of their country; the names inscribed on the walls of that stately chamber are often names of mark in the commonwealth of England, and some of the performers in the *Phormio* in this present December may, in their turn, become illustrious in the senate or the field. Then, as for the Play itself; we have it presented to us under such conditions as we have already described. The old author is more prominent than the young actors, excellent as some of the latter are. His scenes are not overlaid by modern pomp and circumstance; his words are uttered with scholarlike propriety, not in the conventional tone of the professional actor. Even the language has, at such seasons, a charm. Players would make little or nothing of the best translation of Terence or Plautus; but the native Latin strikes upon our ears with something of the effect of solemn music. We are listening to echoes of a by-gone age; we are looking upon a picture set in long perspective from us, upon faint reflections of scenes enacted before Scipio and Lælius, Cicero and Cæsar, and before even more susceptible and genial spectators than these were. For the plays of Terence are but the images of an older and yet more refined drama, and Rome itself is but a hall or antechamber conducting us to the New Comedy of Athens, and to a yet remoter circle of spectators—some bearing crowns, Macedonian, Syrian, Alexandrian; others wearing the garb of statesmen or sages; and both the great in place and the great in intellect surrounded by the sharp-witted, laughter-loving throngs of a Greek Theatre. The *Phormio*, if not the best of Terence's extant comedies, is perhaps the best adapted for modern representation. We shall presume many of our readers to be acquainted with the plot, and shall, therefore, only remark that the points on which the action turns are probable in themselves, and not so strictly dependent on ancient life and manners as to be uninteresting or unfit for spectators at this day. The inevitable pairs of fathers, sons, cunning and comic slaves—a dualistic system which pervades Spanish comedy also—are well discriminated; and the parasite in this piece, both on the stage and off, is so prominent and well constructed a character, that we shall mainly confine our attention to him in the remarks which follow. We must first, however, offer our tribute to the general excellence of the performance on the first night, the 13th of December. That night is always regarded as a dress rehearsal, and therefore full allowance is invariably made for any slips or accidents that may occur. None, however, was required; and the applause was not more frequent or hearty than was deserved. We may perhaps be forgiven for suggesting, in behalf of the third representation on Tuesday next, as well as with reference to future similar occasions, that characters not intended to be seen by others on the stage should take a rather more distant place from the front, and assume an air of greater privacy; that no one of the actors should place himself, either while speaking or in by-play, in front of another actor; and that the members of a group should in no instance stand so close as to touch one another. These trifling oversights would be corrected by a practical manager in a couple of rehearsals, and are only worth noticing because, in every other respect, the performance was even, careful, and, in the last two acts especially, very effective. *Place aux dames*—the ladies were admirable; only we suggest to Sophrona that her complexion was rather too delicate for her years and misfortunes. As to Nausistrata we have nothing to say but "*made virtue tua*; you are a first-rate jealous wife."

The character of the parasite *Phormio*, from whom the play derives its name, is among the finest specimens of ancient genteel comedy. He is not, like so many of his class, a mere braggart or glutton, but a really adroit and servicable sort of gentleman, not without a conscience, and sharpened as to his wits by the necessity of living by them. He is also indifferent

honest, considering his profession; indeed he justly boasts of his integrity—

Adhuc curavi unum hoc quidem, ut mihi esset fides;

for has he not applied the money he was entrusted with to the end and purposes of the trust? He loves indeed to eat, drink, and be merry at another's charge, but so did Jack Spencer and Beau Brummell long after him, and for a similar reason—the emptiness of their own larder; and they and he paid value for their suppers by their agreeable conversation. This refined gentleman of the New Comedy (Phormio is far more of a Greek than an ancient Roman) is the prototype of Scapin in Molière's farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*; but Scapin is not, as is usually the case in Molière's hands, an improvement on Phormio. Scapin is a gross buffoon, and if the elderly gentlemen Demipho and Chremes of Terence are rather thick-headed, Argante and Geronte are fools positive, on a level for sense with the pantaloons of Italian farce. As we are not introduced to the young ladies in the Roman comedy, we are bound to see them with their lovers eyes; but the young ladies of the French comedy are but indifferent substitutes for Phanium and the Citharistria, though unseen; since Hyacinthe is a speaking doll, and Zerbinette is too fond of Scapin's tricks to turn out (we fear) in the end an honest woman. Boileau's withers were wrung by Molière's extravagant burlesque of the *Phormio*. He reproaches the author of the *Fourberies* for having turned high into low comedy—

Sans honte à Terence allié Tabarin;

and says of the famous sack scene, which is borrowed from the *Piphaque* and *Francisque* of Tabarin, that it disguises Molière:—

*Dans ce sac ridicule où Scapin s'enveloppe
Je ne reconnais plus l'auteur du Misanthrope.*

There is much delicacy in the manner of presenting to the fancy of the spectator the invisible Phanium. "Unadorned" and disfigured by grief, and that a grief which enlists our entire sympathies, she is "adorned the most," while at the same time our interest is excited for her lover, the timid Antipho.

*Modo quandam vidi virginem hic vicinis
Misera, eam matrem lamentari mortuam,*

says Geta's informant; and Geta himself thus describes the newly-made orphan:—

*Videmus: virgo pulchra! et quo magis diceret
Nihil aderat adjumenti ad pulchritudinem:
Capillus pascuus, nudus pes, ipsa horrida.
Lacrime, vestitus turpis; ut, ni vis boni
In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguerent.*

This is a stroke which Shakespeare, "with his little Latin," would not have missed, and Jonson, with his Greek and Latin, would have lost. With scarcely less admirable tact, Geta and Phædria endeavour to instil into the trembling Demipho the confidence he will soon need in the presence of his irate father. Whether these graces are of Greek origin we unfortunately cannot tell. We owe the knowledge of them to Terence, and to him belongs at least the merit of transferring them so well from the lost *Epidicænomos* of Apollodorus.

Neither can we say whether the Latin has a similar ending with that of its Greek pattern. We suspect it has not, as there is some lack of what an Athenian audience so strictly insisted upon—a full and yet logical *dénouement*. With the discovery that Phanium was Chremes' daughter, and that Antipho's stolen match with his unknown cousin has really fulfilled both their fathers' long-cherished purpose, the plot is complete. Terence, however, adds to the catastrophe proper a few scenes of admirable humour, which in great measure atone for his departure from his original. By carrying the action a stage further he completes the hitherto almost insignificant character of Chremes, while he brings out Phormio into strong relief. Chremes, throughout the play, and probably ever since his marriage, has lived in wholesome dread of Nausistrata, his wife; and cause enough he has to shake in his shoes, since at any moment he may stand convicted of having one wife too many, to say nothing of his being an unjust steward of Nausistrata's little property. Out of the fears of Chremes—and what husband, ancient or modern, would be without his terrors under such circumstances?—and in consequence of Phormio's being brought to bay by the two elders whom he has really duped, and to all seeming cheated, comes forth a scene savouring more of modern than of ancient humour. Phormio—sure that the injured and irate seniors will never ask him to supper, and being, moreover, threatened by them with the County Court—calls Nausistrata to his aid, and seats himself firmly in her good graces by exposing her husband's delinquencies, as well as by showing her what a friend he has all along been to her darling boy Phædria. Phormio's supper is sure for some time to come, though Chremes' appetite is no less surely spoiled for one evening at the least. The spectator's imagination is also made alive to the fact that Nausistrata ever afterwards governs her husband as strictly as Mrs. Proudie did her bishop, though not her lord. She henceforward will be her own steward, and Chremes will never travel without her, by land or water, so long as they remain one flesh.

The acting of the gentleman who performed Chremes deserves the highest commendation; and should he, by any possibility, prefer going on the stage to going to the University, we should say he need only make his wishes known, and no manager in his senses would refuse him an engagement. At the same time we cannot help asking him to reconsider his conception of some of the earlier scenes of his part. Phormio, at least in our opinion, is much too clever and experienced a gentleman to manifest, until the plot

thickens around him, any extraordinary exultation at his own devices. That he must win whatever game he plays is a fixed principle with him. He has no fears of the result. Over Demipho he holds the terror of a lawyer's bill; over Chremes, Nausistrata's tongue, which is certain to put inconvenient questions to him about his protracted stay in Lemnos, his stewardship, and other family matters, long before she is put on the scent of a rival in her affections. Phormio accordingly should, we think, be properly cool and confident for some time, and should not display his parasitical force until his own troubles call for it. He is a kind of Captain Deadly Smooth—too polite to swagger, too good a shot to waste his powder. The rapidity with which he catches up a hint, and the promptness with which he acts on it, are thus described by his admirer Geta:—

*Ego hominem callidiores vidi neminem
Quam Phormionem: venio ad hominem, ut dicerem,
Argentum opus esse, et id quo pacto fieret,
Vix dum dimidium dixeram, intellexerat:
Gaudebat; me laudabat: querebat senem.*

And his inevitable triumph is curtly recorded, as a matter of course, by Geta:—"Emunxi argento senes!"

The Thursday evening performance of the *Phormio* surpassed that of Tuesday. Demipho was more confident of himself than on the first night, and declaimed admirably; and Dorio played his part like a man who thoroughly understood his business. A more spirited and interesting Phædria we could not have desired.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, *vos in lingua*—a request being made by the Captain of Westminster School that notice of them should be deferred until the third representation is over. We may say, however, of them that they seemed to us witty and pertinent to the occasion and the season, and called to mind Martial's line:—

Saturnalia mittimus ecce nuces.

REVIEWS.

TODLEBEN'S DEFENCE OF SEBASTOPOL.

GENERAL TODLEBEN'S *Defence of Sebastopol* does not come forward, like Mr. Kinglake's book upon the Crimean war, in the character of a private work, embodying the judgment of military and political facts which an amateur and unprofessional looker-on, placed in a favourable position for observation, was competent to form at the time, and to fortify by subsequent information. Nor is it, like Mr. Kinglake's, a work of which the permanent authority will depend entirely and solely on its intrinsic conclusiveness and accuracy. Written by an officer whose reputation has been made by the personal share he took in the defence, it is none the less in the highest degree an official narrative. It is compiled with the aid of a military Commission empowered to make the requisite surveys and plans, and to investigate the Government archives, dedicated to General Todleben's Imperial master, and published under the sanction of the Imperial censorship of St. Petersburg. It comes forward with the gravity of a nine years' preparation, and is intended to be at once the impartial and the official literary monument of that great struggle which reflected so much honour on the heroically obstinate endurance of the losers—the impartial and official history, for Russian use, of the causes, as well as the facts, of the Crimean war. And by virtue of its authorized translations into the French and German languages, it is intended to be, and will run some chance of being, recognised as the general Continental version of that remarkable scene of modern military history.

It is not easy to criticize in detail the professional truth of such a work, written as it is from a point of view to which previous historians on the side of the Western Powers could have no access. If all that a besieged army does were patent to the besiegers, or even if all or half of the work of the besiegers were patent to the besieged, sieges would be very different from what they are. With the long range of modern artillery, a writer who describes from his own experience that in which he has taken part only from one side can hardly help being in some degree one-sided. He can only realize the doings of his opponent as far as they affect himself. A chess-player can only report with certainty the history of the actual moves made by his adversary, not the mental workings which may have induced him to make them; and the chequered board of real war is not so open to mutual inspection as the platform of the mimic game, in which there is no room for deceiving the enemy as to the indefinite reserves of force that may be brought into the field. Todleben knew at the time, and can set forth now in proof of the heroic character of the struggle, every weakness of the fortifications and garrison of Sebastopol. But he could hardly know at the time, and has had no opportunity of learning since, the extremes of difficulty which characterized and impeded at every step the action of his opponents. It is no discredit to him if he has portrayed the facts that lay close to him in those majestic proportions which their nearness to himself made them assume in his eyes, provided that, in sketching the distant outlines of the hostile camps, he has not wilfully extenuated or distorted anything within his knowledge, or set down out of perversity or malice any current account which he ought to have known to be incorrect. It is natural that, in attempting to preserve for Russia a full record of the first great siege in which her devoted troops had stood on the defensive, he should feel it to be his first duty to

* *Défense de Sébastopol.* Lieutenant-Général E. de Todleben. Tome I. Partie 1^{re}.

draw out at length every fact which was favourable to his own client, and to trust to the historians of the other side for having done as much by theirs. Future students of the military history of the Crimean war may, sooner or later, find out that Todleben writes rather with the honourable fairness of an advocate than the absolutely impassive and critical balance of a judge.

As far as the causes of the war are concerned, an historian writing eight or nine years after the event, from either side, is not only in a competent position to form a well-considered and impartial opinion upon the evidence, but is bound, in stating his opinion, to give his readers the material facts upon which it is founded. On this head the private observer is likely to be a safer authority than the official historian. Mr. Kinglake winds, with a subtlety of detail which even amounts to a fault, through all the intricacies of the diplomatic contest which preceded the actual appeal to arms. One after another, he brings before his readers the various personal influences which concurred to render the question insoluble except by war. He points out the moments at which, in his judgment (right or wrong), it might have been possible to avoid a positive rupture by a modification of demeanour or policy, and he weighs even painfully the comparative responsibility attaching to the several political Powers and personages implicated in the quarrel. Whatever may be the value of his conclusions, he dissects the origin of the war as a cosmopolitan historian labouring anxiously for the truth, and afraid of nothing except ill-success in attaining it. General Todleben writes as an orthodox Muscovite in whose eyes the cause of Holy Russia against the infidel is still as pure and unblemished as it was on the day when her troops marched into the Principalities. To a general side-de-camp of the Imperial son of Nicholas, writing under the supervision of the State censorship, it is clear as the sun at noonday that Russia was throughout the innocent and helpless victim of the determination of the Western Powers to force her into war. *Vapulabat tantum*. The fact is too patent and too universally acknowledged to require proof. "Ne pas convenir aujourd'hui de ce fait, que les deux puissances antagonistes de la Russie, la France et l'Angleterre, désiraient ardemment la guerre, serait se refuser à l'évidence." The question of the Holy Places, of no such gravity in itself as to evoke a serious rupture, was (for England especially) nothing but an opportune pretext eagerly caught hold of to cloak the realization of a plan secretly conceived and matured long before. What interest could a Western Protestant Power legitimately take in a dispute on the rights of the Greek and Latin Churches in the East? What motive but the wish to cripple the natural, justifiable, and necessary development of Russian strength in that quarter could have induced her to interfere, or what but the most flagrant and unprincipled dissimulation could have put forward the Holy Places as the determining cause of the war? Such is the tone in which, through an *exposé succinct* of the events which led to the Crimean war, General Todleben begs the question against the English Government and the English people of ten years ago.

The English people of to-day, whether wisely or not, whether by argument or by instinct, by slow thought or by simple drifting in the contrary current to that which (as it is the fashion to say) drifted them into war in 1854, have certainly to some extent changed their views as to the existence of any stringent necessity for our taking up arms at that time in defence of the Turkish Empire. It may be questioned—fervently as we trust that the question may never be brought to a practical issue—whether, in its present temper, the nation would interfere with any stronger weapons than those of diplomatic mediation, if similar circumstances were again to bring about a similarly critical phase of the Eastern problem. We may be wiser, or cooler, less Quixotic, or more alive to our own interests and the permanent advantages of peace, than we were before the experience of the last ten years. It is all the more requisite not to allow ourselves to be persuaded, nor to allow our neighbours to believe that we are persuaded, that we went wantonly and wickedly to war on that occasion, from sheer jealousy of the growing strength and prestige of our great Northern rival. It is all the more necessary to look into the truth of a version of the facts which, from its connexion with an authoritative military history, is likely to receive a wide circulation, and not to accept without remark a verdict against ourselves, on the summing up of the most impartial of Russian generals. Even if to deny it be, in General Todleben's opinion, "se refuser à l'évidence," we cannot agree that England went to war out of an ardent desire to do so, any more than that (as he everywhere hints) every step of our policy in the diplomatic contest was marked by the profoundest dissembling.

The question of the Holy Places, so indifferent to a Protestant Power, which in a succinct *exposé* it is convenient to recite as "alléguée comme la cause déterminante de la guerre," was not, and could not be, the determining cause, or treated as such, inasmuch as it was definitively arranged by Lord Stratford's disinterested mediation, to the satisfaction at once of the Turkish Government and the Russian and French Embassies, a month before Prince Mentschikoff withdrew from Constantinople. The determining cause of the war was the continued struggle of Russia to extract by diplomacy from the Porte a positive treaty-right to interfere in the internal concerns of the Turkish Empire by an exceptional and indefinite protectorate of the Greek Church in the East, followed by the assumption of the right to occupy the Danubian provinces of that Empire as a material guarantee for the concession of such a claim. The pretension

itself, and the manner of asserting it, could not be indifferent to any of the great Powers of Europe, however Protestant they might be. General Todleben holds that, as the demand was justified by the disregard of former obligations shown by the Porte, so the manner of enforcing it was thrust upon Russia by the officious encouragement which the recalcitrant Sultan received from the Western Powers. He represents the obstinacy of the Turkish Government in refusing the moderate ultimatum of Prince Mentschikoff, who left Constantinople on the 21st of May 1853, as due to the hope of material aid from the English and French fleets, which had already quitted Malta and Toulon. The "assistance évidente" of the Western Powers, testified by the appearance, in the middle of June, of their fleets in Besika Bay, is similarly spoken of as the mainspring of the continuance of this obstinacy, and therefore as necessitating the occupation of the Principalities. It is right to remark that the English fleet only sailed from Malta on the receipt of an order from home written in London some ten days after Mentschikoff had quitted Constantinople; while, on or about the day on which that order was written, Count Nesselrode was already holding out to the Porte the threat of that occupation. And it is hard to say on what grounds the presence of the combined fleets in waters where they had every legal right to be without any alleged reason (though no doubt their presence there was a pregnant demonstration) can be held to have justified or necessitated a measure of violence which was war in all but the name.

A similarly succinct sketch of the circumstances surrounding the failure of the Vienna Note naturally places Russia still more in the right, and her adversaries still more in the wrong. A compromise which "met the exigencies of the situation" had been prepared by Austria, approved by the Western Powers, accepted by Russia, and referred to Constantinople. The Porte, however, did not stay passive in the hands of its friends, and violated the rules of propriety by objecting to some phrases of the note, and suggesting modifications to which Russia could not possibly agree. The refusal to throw over the Sultan upon such irregular behaviour proved the secret desire of the Western Powers to kindle a general war. The narrative is too succinct to enter upon the nature of the objections taken or the amendments proposed by Turkey to the Vienna Note, or to suggest that the European diplomatists who agreed to it were afterwards shown by the conduct of Russia herself to have blundered as to the construction which would have been placed on the objectionable words. To have stood aloof from the Porte because the eyes of Turkish statesmen, sharpened by a peril which concerned themselves, were quicker than others to discover a snare lurking beneath general terms, would have done little credit to the firmness and dignity of the Western Powers.

General Todleben believes that, from the very time of Prince Mentschikoff's mission, the scheme of these Powers was to exhaust Russia by an exaggerated tension of her forces, while they were preparing for war, and concerting their plan of attack so as to fall at once upon the weakest point and deliver the most deadly blow. In this spirit they did not at once treat the passage of the Pruth as a *casus belli*, but, of their malice aforethought, encouraged and deluded Russia to commit herself more fully to an offensive position against Turkey, while, for the mere sake of gaining time, they entered into the Vienna negotiations, "sous le prétexte plausible de provoquer une solution pacifique." The same dissimulation is alleged to have been the key of their conduct after the battle of Sinope. Insulted as they were in their tenderest point of dignity as great maritime Powers, when the ally whose coasts their squadrons were at hand to protect lost his fleet in an alongshore battle almost under their very eyes, they still hypocritically refused to admit the inevitable consequences of their abnormal situation. Instead of going at once to war, they took upon themselves the high-handed and one-sided police of the Black Sea. It was not till March 1854, when they had gained sufficient time to organize their military forces, that they threw off the mask, summoned Russia to evacuate the Principalities, and finally declared war. She, in the meantime, "loin de nourrir ces desseins ambitieux que lui attribuaient alors ses adversaires, et confiante en ses propres forces, n'avait fait sur ses frontières aucuns préparatifs ni pour l'attaque ni pour la défense, quand, tout à coup, et sans nulle prévision de sa part, elle dût se mettre en hostilité avec la plupart des états européens." Conscious of her own innocent and pacific intentions, deceived by the hypocritical long-suffering of her plausible antagonists, Russia woke and found herself one day committed to a gigantic struggle with Powers that had long been sharpening their weapons in the dark, while its imminence took her entirely by surprise. Such is history—à la Russe: of which we will only say that it contains so much truth as this—that the Emperor Nicholas would not have acted as he did had he believed that, by so doing, he should or could drive England to go to war with him. He trusted that France would not stir against him without England, and he was obstinately fixed in the idea that it was not a cause in which the temper of the English people would back up the Government in declaring war. It is natural that a mistake fraught with so much calamity should have resulted in a general and deep bitterness of Russian feeling against England. But the assertion that England, with or without France, fraudulently and maliciously drew Russia for no reasonable cause into the Crimean war, or ever held out the pretext of a pacific solution of the dispute while she treacherously meant fighting, is simply untrue. To English minds it is almost inconceivable that such a story can be seriously told.

It is a pleasure to pass from the political to the military chapters of General Todleben's history. Writing like a brave and tried soldier, he has a keen eye for the qualities, and a good word for the good qualities, of all his adversaries in the field. Even the Turkish army, imperfect as its organization may have been, receives at his hand the meed of an enemy's admiration for the solidity, intelligence, and high soldierly qualities it displayed on various occasions during the war. His appreciation of the national weaknesses of system or character which he criticizes may sometimes be hasty or incomplete, and his information as to the details of particular events may be here and there incorrect or scanty. He judges our defects as freely and openly as he lauds the merits of his own fellow-soldiers; and we like him none the worse for either freedom of speech. Impeccable as the Russian troops are in his eyes, he has the good sense to see that no credit could accrue to them from an illiberal depreciation of those who for a year stood opposed to them in the battle-field and the trenches, and to whom they were at length obliged to relinquish the ground which had tested so well the qualities of the several armies, together with the fated prize of the contest—the fortified docks and arsenals of Sebastopol.

(To be continued.)

LORD DERBY'S HOMER.*

(Second Notice.)

IN resuming the consideration of Lord Derby's Iliad, we must first state the two as yet unnoticed faults which mar Pope's Homer. The presence or absence of these in Lord Derby's version may, then, be made further touchstones of its merit and excellence. Critics have laid at Pope's door, with much justice, the blame of unnecessary and incongruous additions to the original, on the one hand, and of careless and unwise omissions on the other. To these blots on his potent rival's fame the present translator would seem to have been duly alive, for, in his Preface, he professes the intention "fairly and honestly to give the sense and spirit of every passage and every line, omitting nothing and expanding nothing, and adhering as closely as our language will allow even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has in the particular passage anything of a special and distinctive character." A very ample undertaking, truly; and one which, if the performance at all equals the promise, cannot fail to set him who carries it out on a vantage-ground as regards the defaults of his predecessor. For, in truth, Pope's amplifications are sown broadcast. His omissions occur whenever he fails to espy an opening for a brilliant couplet, or when he is too indolent to handle a difficult piece of Greek. Of the former fault a most patent instance is his manner of treating the oft-recurring verse:—

στένεται γὰρ τὶ ἔπος ἱρίην κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ.

It cannot be charged with incongruity, indeed, but it serves to show how a lively imagination and an eye to graceful couplets are snares to a translator, whose first duty ought to be a simple unadorned reproduction of his original. Pope's couplet runs—

A parley Hector asks, a message bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears;

while Lord Derby contents himself with the simple rendering—

Hector of the glancing plume
Hath, it seems, some message to impart.

So too, out of the half-line "Ἑκτωρ δὲ περ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἴσμεν (iii. 85), which Lord Derby despatches in the plain English "To both thus Hector spake," Pope is clever enough to spin this wonderful thread—

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both replies.

But, indeed, out of every page of Pope's Iliad might be extracted convincing examples of his unbridled licence in this particular, and it would not be hard to fill up a paper with instances, by way of contrast, of Lord Derby's reverential touch in handling a bard so sacred as Homer. Where, out of two lines of Greek (IV. 164-5), the latter draws the well-chosen words, each one of which has its place in the text—

The day shall come when this imperial Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown—

no one unused to the freaks of Pope's genius could believe that he would venture to educe the six lines which follow, the supererogatory ideas and words of which we italicize for the reader's edification:—

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the god already from the pole
Bare his red arm and bid the thunder roll.

But it may be more considerate to our readers to select a passage of tolerable length out of which to judge both parties in this question of "addition." Such a one is not far to seek. Helen's response to Venus, when she would have her go and nurse the wounded Paris, at the close of the 3rd Book, is a very fine passage in the Greek, which Lord Derby has translated well, and which Pope has outrageously overdone (II. III. 395-412). Lord Derby's version is as follows:—

She said, and Helen's spirit within her mov'd;
And when she saw the goddess' beauteous neck,

* Homer's Iliad, rendered into English Blank Verse. By Edward, Earl of Derby. London: John Murray. 1864.

Her lovely bosom and her glowing eyes,
She gazed in wonder and address'd her thus.
"Oh why, great Goddess, make me thus thy sport?
Seek'st thou to bear me far away from hence
To some fair Phrygian or Maonian town,
If there some mortal have thy favour gain'd?
Or, for that Menelaus in the field
Hath vanquish'd Paris, and is willing yet
That I, his bane, should to his home return;
Here art thou found to weave again thy wiles?
Go then thyself! Thy godship abdicate!
Renounce Olympus! Lavish here on him
Thy pity and thy care! He may perchance
Make thee his wife—at least his paramour!
But thither go not I! foul shame it were
Again to share his bed; the dames of Troy
Will for a byword hold me! and e'en now
My soul with endless sorrow is possess'd."—I. 102.

In this translation it strikes us that every emotion which Homer creates in Helen is thrown into appropriate words. Her weariness of being the sport of the Paphian goddess, her sarcasms at that goddess's waywardness and wanton abuse of power, her covert scorn of Paris just vanquished by the husband of her first love, her enduring sadness at the ill her misconduct has brought upon Troy, all seem to animate her language. But there is no waste of words in Homer. Neither in the text, nor in the faithful version of it which we have just quoted, is there any inopportune calling of names, or abuse of Paris behind his back. Helen does that anon. When she is induced to seek his chamber, like most ladies who are going to condone wrongs, she rates him well first. But let us go over the ground we have just trodden with Lord Derby in Pope's company. At the very outset, he imports into his version a gloss on the words *ἐμὴν ἐνὶ στήθεσιν ὄρεον*, which he is proved to have interpolated from the notes of Madame Dacier:—

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul she mov'd,
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.

Shortly afterwards, for Lord Derby's fourth verse, which exactly tallies with the original, Pope gives us this unmeasured and unfounded amplification:—

Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek, and trembling thus she said.

Truly the lady soon recovered her colour and her self-possession, if we may judge by her language! The verse,

ἦτο παρ' αὐτὸν ἴδοντα, δαῖν δ' ἀπόικε κελύθους;

which is fine in its succinctness, grows into—

Hence let me sail, and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care;
A handmaid goddess at his side to wait;

and

κίλες δ' ἰγὺν οὐκ ἔμυ' νηυσσὴν δὲ κεν εἴη

into—

For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward and detest his bed!
Else should I merit everlasting shame—

language strangely contrasting with the speedy reconciliation with Paris which follows. As to the last words of the passage we have been examining, *ἔγω δ' ἄγε' ἀκίρα θυμῷ*, Madame Dacier again "assists the fancy" of Pope, enabling him to expand four words into a diluted couplet. But so it is throughout Pope's translation-work. The love of improving on his original seems to have grown into an absorbing and unconscious passion. One of the most amusing things we know is a long prefatory note by Pope to a speech of Menelaus, where, setting forth how aptly Homer suits his heroes' language to their various characters, he gives us to know that Menelaus, as a Spartan, should talk "laconically," and forthwith puts such expansions and additions into the speech Homer allotted to him that we might well take this concise speaker for the most garrulous of crows.

The opposite vice of "omissions" is one not less chargeable to Pope, but it need not be exemplified at equal length. It is found more frequently in the later books of the Iliad—a fact of some significance, as will presently be shown. From one of these, the 22nd, we take, as an illustration, the close of Hector's speech before discharging his erring dart at Achilles (XXII. 284-8):—

ἀλλ' ἴθις μεμῶντι διὰ στήθεσιν ἔλασον
εἰ τοι ἴδωκε θεός· νῦν αὖτ' ἰμὲν ἔγχος ἀλναί
χάλειον! ὥς δὲ μιν σφ' ἐν χροῖ πᾶν κορίσας
καὶ ἐν λαφρότερος πόλεμος Τρώεσσι γίνοιντο,
οἷο καταβυβήμενοι· σὺ γὰρ σφίσι πῆμα μίγιστον.

In Pope's translation of this passage we have instances both of excess and of defect:—

But know, whatever fate I am to try
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm, and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart.

Pope's Iliad, XXII. 363-8.

The first portion of these lines is a gross exaggeration of the original. In the latter part there is an unaccountable curtailment and unmeaning omission of what is most forcible in the Greek. Lord Derby's version of the same passage is clothed in language which we conceive to befit a hero better than such bald phrases as "Whatever fate I am to try"; and he, at all events, pays proper respect and honour to every line and word of the Greek:—

Not in my back will I receive thy spear,
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph given.
Now, if thou can'st, in turn my spear elude;

May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!
For lighter were to Troy the load of war
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain.—Vol. II. p. 329.

It would be easy to heap up similar sins of omission to Pope's account, but hard to find even any material word or epithet overlooked by Lord Derby. Now this distinction is not unimportant. The probable cause of this fault of Pope's, where it exists, and of that which we have previously touched upon, may, if ascertained, aid us in estimating more completely the relative rank of the two translators. Is not the truth something of this kind, that Pope was not much of a scholar, and, moreover, held somewhat cheaply the scholarship of his age? Lord Derby, though taking, we think, far too low an estimate of the present and coming prospects of English scholarship, is himself quite enough of a scholar, and gives his readers and critics credit for enough scholarship, to be careful to grasp and represent the sense of his original with the utmost reverence and honesty. Hence arises a structure more worthy to endure than any less solid and genuine work. Hence a truer counterpart of Homer's *Iliad* than any "mélange" of Homer, Dacier, Virgil, anybody and everybody, such as has come down to our day as the Homer of Alexander Pope. Pope's omissions are indirectly due, it is probable, to the same cause. He was not sure of his ground. To attempt minuteness involved a risk of betraying weakness. And so he got tired of his undertaking in the middle, and contracted a languor "discoverable," as critics long ago discerned, "in frequent and considerable abridgments of his author, and in inferior correctness." Though it were transparent flattery to compare the poetic gifts of Lord Derby with those of Pope, it is not the less true that, while the versification of Lord Derby is such as Pope himself would have admired, his *Iliad* is in all other essentials superior to that of his great rival. For the rest, if Pope is dethroned, what remains? What tests have modern professors set up which this newest *Iliad* does not triumphantly meet? It is demanded, and not unreasonably, that the rapid flow of Homer should find expression in his translator. In the fitting place Lord Derby knows how to invest rapidity of action in correspondent words. Does not this extract from the 23rd Book (362-72) betoken the master-touch of one who has known what it is to compete for the "blue ribbon of the turf," to feel the rush of excitement—

Cum spes arrepta juvenum, exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans?
Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd,
By rein and hand and voice, their eager steeds.
They from the ships pursued their rapid course
Athwart the distant plain; beneath their chests
Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust;
Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes;
The cars now skimm'd along the fertile ground,
Now bounded high in air; the charioteers
Stood up aloft, and every bosom beat
With hope of vict'ry; each with eager shout
Cheering his steeds that scour'd the dusty plain.—II. 416-426.

Or is ease and directness the *sine quid non* which we are to require? Every passage which we have quoted attests the presence of these qualifications in a pre-eminent degree. Much has been said of the fitting diction that should be used; and on this point we own to some sympathy with Professor Arnold's "Bibliolatry" theories. But, if Lord Derby's choice of language is not such as in any striking degree recalls that of the translators of our English Bible, it has, at any rate, this in common with them—that it successfully aims at clearness, force, and intelligibility; whilst it escapes their occasional quaintnesses, and the archaisms not unnatural to versions of comparative antiquity. And if any doubt the appropriateness of a highly cultivated and polished style and diction for representing the wrath of Achilles, the hot-headedness of Diomed, or the burly bluntness of Ajax, son of Telamon, we commend them to the retort of the son of Peleus (XXII. 409-21), to the first line of which we referred in our former article; and are well persuaded that there will be no further doubt about the requisite force and fire for the talk of these great captains. But "nobleness," all are agreed, is Homer's chief characteristic; nor can any exception whatever be taken to the taste which, in *Last Words on translating Homer*, picked out three brief sentiments from the interview between Priam and Achilles, in the 24th Book, as among the "most essentially grand and characteristic things" of the prince of poets. Lord Derby may rest his title to having largely caught this feature of his original upon the success with which he has rendered these. In II. XXIV. 505-6 Priam says:—

ἔτλην δ' οἷ' οἷπώ τις ἐπιχθύνιος βροτός ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνου ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγμεναι.

The version before us reads:—

Since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son.—II. p. 417.

Again, *ibid.* 525-6, Achilles uses this language—

ὣς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δαίμοσι βροτέσιν
ζῶειν ἀνθρώπων· αἰετοὶ δὲ τ' ἀεθίους εἶναι.

which Lord Derby renders—

Such is the thread the gods for mortals spin,
To live in woe, while they from cares are free.

In the same speech occurs the single line—

καὶ σὺ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούμεν ὀδύνην εἶναι,

the rendering of which in Lord Derby's translation, good as it is, we would mulet of two letters, to make it take in the full breadth of the word ὀδύνη. For "Much have we heard too of thy former

wealth" it might be an improvement to read, "Much have we heard too of thy former woe." One more touch of characteristic nobleness will be recognised in the translation of a line and a half descriptive of the dead Hector:—

ἀμφὶ δὲ χεῖρας
κύναιε πύλοντο· κάρη δ' ἄπαν ἐν κονίον
καίτο, πάρος χαρίεν.—XXII. 401-2.
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once.

It were pedantic, even if space permitted it, to go deeply into the question of the scholarship evinced in this version of the *Iliad*. Suffice it to say that it is of as high an order as that of any of his rivals in the same field, and very much higher than that of most. We might here and there take exception to an interpretation, as e.g. where in the fine passage describing the march of the Greeks in perfect silence, in the 4th Book, Lord Derby renders—

οὐδὲ κε φάιντο
τόσσον λαὸν ὑπῆσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στρίβουσιν αὐτῶν.—429-30.
Nor would ye deem that such a mighty mass,
So passing, could restrain their tongues.

and where clearly the sense is rather that which is given by Cowper:—

As voice in all those thousands had been none.

But, for the most part, the twenty-four books of the present translation are marvellously free from the necessity of emendation, and are as laudable for their accuracy as for their grace and beauty.

Infatuation for other metres may possibly militate against unanimity of praise, but all criticism, if just, will agree in acknowledging that this work is a noble achievement. For ourselves, we go much further. It is the *Iliad* we would place in the hands of English readers as the truest counterpart of the original, the nearest existing approach (and no translation can be more than an approach) to a reproduction of that original's matchless features. Its appearance is matter for sincere congratulation, alike to the noble lord who, in this field as in so many others, has enhanced high rank and lineage by high desert; to the literature which has charms so potent as to win the flower of our statesmen to her feet; and to the country where the honours of that literature are so coveted, and so competed for, by gentle as well as simple.

FAMOUS BEAUTIES AND HISTORIC WOMEN.*

WE have looked with some curiosity for any indication of the principle of selection adopted by the author of these volumes. In the absence of a single word of preface, the only clue is the title, and the title in this case, is a misnomer, conveying either too much or too little. There is no reason that we can see why the thirteen ladies for whom Mr. Davenport Adams has reserved his biographical favours should be credited with a monopoly of beauty and historic fame. There have been other women quite as beautiful and historic who might allege equal claims to the regard of a *vates sacer*, and who, so far as may be gathered from its title, would seem to be comprehended within the purpose of this work. It would be only fair to their memories to explain why they are passed over in silence. We should be still more puzzled to say upon what principle Mr. Adams has grouped together his very heterogeneous assemblage of female celebrities. He has evidently as keen an eye for an analogy as Fluellen. That combative but inconsequent Welshman saw an obvious connexion between Macedon and Monmouth, from the fact that each place possessed a river. It must be some equally subtle association of ideas which has induced Mr. Davenport Adams to couple the names and lives of Nell Gwynne and Madame de Staël. Biography has been said to have added a new terror to death. But the terror of biography pure and simple pales before the complicated terror wielded by the book-maker. It may be bad enough to have your life written, but what is this to the infliction of having your name and history inseparably linked with those whom in life you most hated, or whose tastes and actions were most unlike your own, and going down to posterity in that detested company? One may faintly imagine the rage of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, at finding herself paraded in this book cheek by jowl with a choice selection of the frail beauties of the Restoration. If Atossa still preserves any of her ancient fire, she may yet resent the indignity by availing herself of some of those channels of communication with which an age of spiritualism has made us familiar. Madame de Maintenon and Madame Recamier were accustomed in their lifetime to take things more quietly, but even their equanimity must be ruffled at the prospect of a permanent association with ladies of such equivocal fame as Agnes Sorel and Gabrielle d'Estrées. Why Mrs. Radcliffe, alone of all the literary women of England, figures in Mr. Adams' collection of portraits, no one probably but Mr. Adams knows. One is tempted to ask what in the world she does in that gallery. What claim has she to be preferred to Miss Burney, or Mrs. Piozzi, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu? Does she find a place in this work as a famous beauty or as an historic woman? If the latter, as we gather from the tone of Mr. Adams' remarks, is it in consideration of some sensational romances which not one person in a thousand now-a-days ever opens? Whatever may be the grounds for conferring this singular distinction on Mrs. Radcliffe, there can be no doubt that, as a rule,

* *Famous Beauties and Historic Women.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Charles Skeet. 1865.

there is far more to dread than to gain from the roving partialities of the biography-monger. There is no knowing with what object, or in what companionship, you may not be impressed into his service. The latest development of his method is very simple. It is to look at one point of resemblance only, however trivial, and ignore all points of difference, however radical. It is easy in this way to establish an artificial connexion between characters and careers the most dissimilar. They may all have had blue eyes or a Roman nose, or a strawberry mark on their left arm. Mr. Gladstone may be brought within the scope of the same octavo as Franz Müller, and Cardinal Wiseman may figure beside Tom Sayers. It is high time to protest against this latest form of literary license. It would be intolerable to any respectable member of society to find himself exhibited in effigy amidst that cheerful galaxy of male-factors with which Madame Tussaud enlivens the "long unloveliness" of Baker Street. It is quite as offensive to be pilloried in some biographical work, as the most exalted virtue and brilliant intellect is liable to be, in company hardly less unsavoury.

This work naturally divides itself into two portions—one original, the other second-hand. We can speak in more favourable terms of the latter than we can of the former. Mr. Davenport Adams is much happier in putting together his materials in the form of a readable narrative than in founding observations and criticisms thereupon. One might say of these volumes, as was said of a celebrated speech, that there are some things in them that are true and some things that are new, but that truth and novelty do not in every case coincide. In spite of his pompous array of "authorities" at the end of each chapter, we are not aware that Mr. Adams relates anything about Nell Gwynne or the Duchess of Cleveland which was not known to any one fairly conversant with the history of the times. He has taken pains to ascertain his facts, and presents them in a palatable *réchauffé*. But when he goes on to broach the theory that King Charles's Court-minions were causes, not effects, of the prevalent corruption and debauchery, it is evident that he altogether misunderstands the national situation during the epoch of the Restoration. We quote the following passage from his sketch of "La belle Stewart." If it does not show any very profound grasp of the philosophy of history, it is at least a fair specimen of the calibre of Mr. Davenport Adams' original observations:—

These brilliant and beautiful women were something more, unfortunately, than the mistresses of a king. Their supremacy was felt beyond the precincts of Windsor and Whitehall. Public opinion had not as yet attained to the proportions which would enable it to mould literature and art according to its will, and the artists and poets of the time, perhaps unknown to themselves, were influenced by the loose inspiration afforded by the fashionable beauties. Society is shaped and coloured by women, and art and literature adapt themselves to the tone of society.

Genius, indeed, will ever and anon shake off the social trammels, and a Milton chant the lofty music of *Paradise Lost* in spite of the "scrambled strains" of a Sedley and an Etherege; but that music, though pealing far away into the echoing aisles of the future, has no charm for the giddy crowds that gather at the feet of the lighter and gayer minstrels. To understand the age of Charles II. it is, then, as needful to enter the boudoirs of its Aspasia and Phrynes as the closets of its statesmen, to mingle with the glittering throngs in the salons of Whitehall as to accompany Sir William Temple to East Sheen, or follow the members of the Cabal to Ham House.

At no time, we apprehend, would it be correct to say that society is shaped and coloured by women. It would be nearer the mark to say that woman is shaped by society. Her impressionable nature disqualifies her from taking the initiative, and renders her peculiarly susceptible to the influence of her surroundings. Thus she is rather an index or reflection of the prevalent tone of thought or morals, than an agent in its formation. This is eminently true of the period which Mr. Davenport Adams is describing. At no time did woman more helplessly drift with the stream. To the philosophic student of history these pampered sultanas of the Court of Charles II. appear the veriest straws, indicating the flow of the tide of debauchery and excess which swept over the land. The causes of that outburst of vice had been long accumulating, and were deeply seated, far beyond the influence and control of a handful of regal courtesans. Mr. Davenport Adams may not consider Dryden a genius. He certainly did not, like Milton, shake off the "social trammels." But his verse is as little referable to boudoir inspiration as that of the author of *Paradise Lost*. If he wrote licentiously, it was because the spirit of the age was licentious, and with that spirit he was deeply imbued. Nell Gwynne, Lady Castlemaine, and the Duchess of Portsmouth were very commonplace specimens of their class, chiefly bent on lining their own pockets, and, at most, mere puppets and lures in the hands of the unscrupulous wire-pullers of the day. They serve to show what scandals were possible, but they cannot explain to us how such scandals were possible, which is what we mean by "understanding the age of Charles II."

If we might venture to say it, Mr. Davenport Adams is kinder to his Famous Beauties than he is to his Historic Women. Madame de Staël, of course, figures on his list in the latter capacity. The outline of her life is given in some eighty pages. Mr. Adams is properly severe on Miss Burney for her selfish conduct to her friend, and duly pathetic on the miserable state of a French-woman exiled from Paris. The Parisienne, he observes, when banished from her home, will sink into hopeless and morose melancholy, and finally throw herself into the arms of her confessor, and dwindle down into a soulless devotee. So far as we are aware, these curious effects of exile did not make their appearance in Madame de Staël. Perhaps the fact of her having been a Genevese, and not a Parisienne, may have staved off the dwindling process.

The narrative of her life given by Mr. Adams is fair and impartial, but when he comes, at the end, to sum up her character, his criticism appears to us to be hardly just. He complains of there being no *home-side* to her life, as if a woman who was hunted all over Europe by a vindictive tyrant had any great opportunity for developing fire-side virtues. "In her idealization of passion," he continues, "she wandered too far away from principle, and in her keen appreciation of the consequences of actions paid too little heed to the philosophy of motive." We have not a very clear notion of the meaning of this sentence, and still less of its applicability to Madame de Staël. No doubt she was an enthusiast, but then hers was an enthusiasm tempered and balanced by remarkable solidity of understanding. But whatever the purport of his strictures, Mr. Adams makes the *amende* by expressing himself favourably with regard to her destiny in the other world. "She has entered that *cœlum conciliumque divinum* of immortal spirits who repose in the serene lustre of assured fame." To Madame Recamier Mr. Adams is even more unjust. He is half ashamed of himself for becoming her biographer. She was a "social success," and nothing more. She never said or did anything worth recording. She could not converse like a Du Deffand or a De Staël. She did not write charming epistles like a De Sévigné. "And yet," continues Mr. Adams, blessing unawares where he began by cursing, "she was assiduously courted by famous wits and accomplished men of letters." The fact that she was for years the centre of attraction to all that was refined and cultivated in Parisian society is at least a fact in her favour. Mr. Adams thinks that, as nothing survives to prove her to have possessed wit or genius, posterity will reverse the verdict passed by her too generous friends. Upon the same principle, posterity ought to reverse its verdict on Lord Bolingbroke's speeches and Mrs. Siddons' acting.

The most interesting as well as the best told of these biographies is that of Madame de Maintenon. There is a play acting just now in one of our theatres called *Step by Step*; but nothing in drama or fiction ever equalled that romance of real life, the gradual rise of Françoise d'Aubigné to all but queenly station. First an orphan in miserable circumstances, then the wife of a paralytic cripple old enough to be her father, then governess to the King's natural children, then the successful rival of their beautiful mother, and lastly, to crown all, the King's wife—Madame de Maintenon rose to this unparalleled eminence, not by accident, but by calculation. It is a curious fact that the bigot to whose influence the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was mainly attributable should herself in her youth have been a convert to Protestantism. There are few lives, within the range of history, of which the interest is at once so chequered and so well sustained. The story of this remarkable woman is related by Mr. Adams in a pleasant and lively manner, and with much less than usual of that fine writing with which he has a tendency to overload his pages.

POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.*

ON first turning over the pages of Mr. Bonar's *Poets and Poetry of Scotland*, we took it for an "Enfield's Speaker" meant for the use of studious youth in North Britain, and we laid it aside under the impression that its proper patrons were not so much the public as the College of Preceptors north of the Tweed. But a nearer inspection of it showed that the gatherer of these Scottish flowers had something higher in view than a mere class-book, while, at the same time, the anthology was suggestive of more than Mr. Bonar himself seems to have contemplated.

His samples are composed of dissimilar, but not conflicting, elements—one strictly national, a second having no claim to be reckoned so beyond the fact that the writers were born in Scotland, and a third which may be described as "poets and poetry" in masquerade. Barbour, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay, Dunbar, Ramsay, and Burns are, both in genius and language, Scottish poets—the Doric bards of Britain. Thomson, Smollett, Beattie, Falconer, Blair, Graham, and Campbell were Scotchmen by birth alone, Englishmen by transmutation. Scott, when he imitated old ballads, and others who purposely gave an antique flavour to their songs, employed a parti-coloured dialect, just as Theocritus employed modified Doric in pastoral verse. The first of these three divisions is valuable for its pristine energy and promise, and for its philological interest; the second, besides possessing considerable poetic worth, as a token of the complete union of South and North Britain; and the third, for the skill displayed by its authors in re-awakening some of the chords of sentiment which inspired their rude forefathers in war and sorrow, or what is often a compound of both—love.

It is not easy at this hour to realize the fact that Englishmen and Scotchmen were, even less than a century ago, far from friendly to each other, and that for many centuries they were as bitter enemies as the English and French. Of their open wars it were idle to speak. The "Battle of Otterbourne," and a third at least of early Scottish ballads, turn upon the hostility of North to South Britain. The union of the Crowns long preceded the union of the nations, and the latter union was in no sense complete until nearly the close of the eighteenth century. Addison, who so well appreciated "Chevy Chase," was probably unaware of the existence of his contemporary Rob Roy, and little knew that within three days' journey from his splendid home at Kensington he might have found men living in a

* *The Poets and Poetry of Scotland, from James I. to the Present Time. With Biographical Sketches and Critical Remarks.* By the Rev. Andrew R. Bonar. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Glasgow: Thomas Murray & Son. 1864.

state of society scarcely in advance of the time of the Percy and the Douglas. If Swift loved one race of mankind less than another, that race was the Scottish. The "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five" kept alive and embittered these common animosities; and nothing tended to make George III. an unpopular sovereign, during the first ten years at least of his reign, so much as his friendship for the Scottish Earl of Bute and his favour to the Earl's countrymen. Even in the commonwealth of literature, hostility did not entirely slumber. The language of South Britain became the literary dialect of North Britain also; yet Hume, though he was as much a Frenchman as a Scot, and Adam Smith, though he was an Oxford student, had each their birthland occasionally thrown in their teeth; and even Cowper, liberal in his judgments of men when his religion did not blind him, could, in his Letters, wish that Burns had written in English, and protests in his *Table Talk* against Caledonian song. We do not take into account Johnson's notorious prejudices, for they were singularly irrational—he hated Scotchmen, yet was himself a sturdy Jacobite; nor Warburton's malignity against Hume and Robertson, for his hand was raised against every eminent writer in his day from Cornwall to Caithness. Churchill's *Prophecy of Fame*, the *North Briton*, and Macklin's *Man of the World* cherished antipathies on either side little less acrimonious than those which prevailed in the Border wars; and the popularity which Smollett earned by his satire on his countrymen in *Roderick Random* he forfeited by his writings in support of Lord Bute. The pen after '45 took, indeed, the place of the sword; but if a less deadly, it was scarcely a less envenomed, weapon in the hands of the "divided Britons."

The objects, and indeed the limits, of Mr. Bonar's volume have led him almost to exclude from his anthology a most important province of Scottish poetry, and he gives us but few specimens of Romantic Ballads—"that department of song," he remarks, "having been illustrated by others with the ample care and attention to which it is entitled." "Poetry as an art," he proceeds to say, "seems to have been cultivated in Scotland as early as it was in England, and followed with greater perseverance in the Northern than in the Southern division of the island." Barbour's poem, *The Bruce*, was published in 1375, and the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in 1383; "and in England," he continues, "Chaucer was for long without a successor, while in Scotland James I., and a bright poetic band, earned merited distinction." This last sentence needs some qualification. The cause for the effect is not fully assigned. In the first place, Chaucer was not without imitators in South Britain, although upon none of them did his mantle descend; and, in the next, he influenced Scottish poetry in the fourteenth and the following century fully as much as even Barbour himself. The richer and more civilized portion of Britain unavoidably affected the poorer and less advanced. Scotland in the fourteenth century was accessible to few of the contacts and influences that promoted the civilization of England. Its only links with Europe were France and Denmark. From the latter it could import nothing to soften its manners or increase its literary wealth; and France, at that period weakened by its wars with England, and divided in itself into hostile or jealous States—Burgundy and Bretagne being then more frequently rivals than allies of the French Kingdom—was receding in the march of civilization, and could contribute little or nothing to her Scottish friends. To England, on the contrary, many avenues of improvement were then open. It was intimately allied by commerce with the Low Countries; it held relations with Italy, and thence imported some acquaintance with the arts, and much profitable instruction in literature. Moreover, the Norman Conquest, which materially advanced civilization in the South, did not at all affect North Britain. Scotland imported no learned prelates and able instructors for her schools from abroad; England, under the Conqueror and his son Henry Beauclerc, enriched her abbeys, priories, and schools with scholars whose names at least survive to the present day. "The Conqueror himself," Warton remarks, "patronized and loved letters. He filled the bishoprics and abbacies of England with the most learned of his countrymen, who had been educated at the University of Paris, at that time the most flourishing school in Europe." The names of Lanfranc and of Anselm will immediately occur to all in the least versed in the literary history of England. Herman, a Norman, bishop of Salisbury, founded a noble library in his cathedral; Godfrey, prior of St. Swithin's, at Winchester, a native of Cambrai, wrote Latin epigrams scarcely inferior to those of Martial. We could easily add to the list of learned foreigners introduced and cherished by our Norman kings; but we have perhaps cited enough of them to prove that the soil of England was comparatively prepared for literature, while that of Scotland remained comparatively barren.

We must also take into account, while striking the balance between English and Scottish civilization at this period, the superior influence and attractions of the Southern Court. The Barons of England were, like the tenants of Ravenswood, "a dour and fractious set" enough, yet, in comparison with the Barons of Scotland, they were a Court noblesse. It was only at intervals possible for a Simon de Montfort to call his sovereign to a reckoning, or for a Warwick to make or unmake kings. But the Douglasses, Bruces, and Baliols, &c., were almost monarchs even at Falkirk, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, and were far more powerful in their own fortresses than the stoutest and most daring of the Stuarts. Each of the great nobles held his own court, pensioned his own band of minstrels, imbibed from the lips and harp of his own laureates his own praises, and thus divided Scottish poetry into many

streams. Laudation, not literature, was demanded by these high and mighty lords, and accordingly poetry retained, much longer in Scotland than in England, a lyric and Pindaric character. Composed for the hour and the person, it was the later of the two in entering into the proper domain of literature. It is highly to the credit of Barbour to have departed from the ordinary track, and to have given to *The Bruce* a national, in place of a local and personal interest alone.

In his brief account of King James I. of Scotland, Mr. Bonar has omitted to notice the results of his long imprisonment and early education in England. A captive in the South of the island from his twelfth to his twenty-sixth year, he had during his long detention the advantage of becoming acquainted with the learning and literature of his captors, and we cannot doubt that, while he studied the works of Chaucer and Gower, his attention was drawn to the sources, French and Italian, from which they so abundantly drew. "He was," says Mr. Bonar, "well treated [in England], and received the best education that could be imparted. He became familiar with the incidents of country life, and with varied manners and customs. He was passionately attached to music, and one of the best harpists of his time." These, however, were English accomplishments; and, cross as his fortunes were in the spring and heyday of his youth, they might seem to have been shaped purposely to infuse new blood into the literature of his native country. Of Chaucer's influence upon the muse of Scotland we have a signal instance in one of the earliest poets who succeeded James I. Robert Henryson or Henderson—the author of the beautiful pastoral of "Robin and Makyn," not included in Mr. Bonar's collection, although printed in Ramsay's *Evergreen*, and included by Bishop Percy in his *Reliques*—continued Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*; his supplement is commonly printed with the works of that poet under the title of the *Testament of the Fair Cresside*.

In his account of William Drummond—who is strangely placed after Allan Ramsay, though the one was born in 1585 and the other just a century later, 1686—Mr. Bonar omits a very material fact. He was the first of the Scottish poets of any eminence who eliminated Scottish phrases from his writings, and copied what he regarded as the best models in English. In prose, of which he left much, his pattern seems to have been Sir Philip Sidney; in verse he formed himself upon Surrey, or rather upon the Italian poets of whom Surrey was so eminent a disciple. Mr. Bonar quotes three exquisite sonnets of Drummond's. Why, particularly as the page (100) afforded room for it, did he omit the following sonnet, scarcely surpassed by Petrarch himself?

Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroled.
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my wee
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice whose sound more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told;
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little 'twixt life's extremes:
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ay me! not spare that spring of yours.

Of the second division of Scottish Poets—those who in respect of their birth were Scottish, but in respect of all else English—it is scarcely necessary to speak. Thomson and Beattie will be gathered into every collection of British Bards—the one for his genius, unequal as it is; the other, for the grace and finish of his verse. We doubt, however, whether even his own countrymen continue to admire Blair's *Grave*, at least beyond the serious precincts of a manse; or Grahame, whose poem *Sabbath-Walks* was relished by the public at large and by Mrs. Grahame at home, though it was roughly handled by the Edinburgh Reviewers, who were "then distinguished," Mr. Bonar informs us, "by unmerciful and unrighteous sarcasm of piety and true religion." A worse thing befel Grahame than falling among these critical sons of Belial. He was eminent enough in his day, however forgotten at the present, to come under Byron's lash, who probably knew as much of his poems as the Reviewer told him in extracts, but whose verses may notwithstanding keep its victim's name alive:—

Moravians, rise, bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath Bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturbed by conscientious quails,
Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.

We confess that, in our opinion, the volume we are about to close would have been the better for the allotment of less space than twenty pages to the verses of "Dr. Horatius Bonar and other Sacred Poets." As, however, he is the "collector's kinsman," "an excellent preacher" and "an expositor of prophecy," we must take the gift and not look the gift-horse in the mouth. But we must enter our protest against Dr. Andrew Bonar's opinion that "kinsman" Horatius's "devotion is of a healthier nature and of a purer tone than" Keble's! The Nymphs of Solyma have inspired, both of yore and of late, some of the finest verses in Britain; but, short of the best, the effusions they are wont to prompt are for the most part "very tolerable and not to be endured," and "those of Horatius Bonar and other Sacred Poets" come within the category of poems which neither gods, men, nor coruscators regard with favour.

LIFE OF THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.*

THE prime secret of effective puffery is brevity and conciseness. A cumbrous or long-winded puff can really do no good to the object of its fictitious enthusiasm, because the reader gets wearied out before he discerns what the writer is driving at. The artistic simplicity of the little volumes which Messrs. Moses used to shower into passing cabs made them a model for such compositions, and it is to be regretted that Dr. Nichols did not study those unpretending works with more advantage. The picture of two theatrical-looking Yankees which is now so prominent a decoration of the windows of the London gin-palaces will do the Brothers Davenport much more good than this dreary chronicle of the preposterous "physical and psychical phenomena" which have occurred in their presence. The worst of the follies of spiritualism is that everything connected with them is so unutterably dull and monotonous, and the so-called biography of the two high priests is no exception to the general rule. Everybody is by this time painfully aware what the mysterious rites of a Davenport *séance* consist in. Two young men are tied up in the dark in a cupboard with a hole at the top. Then the twanging of musical instruments or the sound of ghostly voices is heard, and if you are very sceptical you will very likely get a bloody nose from a flying tambourine. The whole tale has been told so often, and in itself is so thoroughly uninteresting, that a book which tells it over and over again through three hundred and sixty pages is about as tedious as a book can well be. As for biography, the two Davenports have no more story to tell than the needy knife-grinder. This, of course, is not Dr. Nichols' fault, so he is forced to fill up his volume with extracts from all sorts of newspapers, with little ragged bits of speculation as to what the "manifestations" mean, and with such favourable testimony to the trustworthiness of his *protégés* or patrons as he can get. One Coleman, for instance, residing at Bayswater, and said to be well known on the Stock Exchange, writes, with an enthusiasm that scorns grammar, to say that "under ordinary circumstances it would have been a sufficient guarantee of the respectability of the Davenports that they were associated with a gentleman of the high character and intellectual acquirements of Mr. J. B. Ferguson, whose past history and great sacrifices for the cause of truth is well known to me." This person's remarkably philosophical temperament may be inferred from a single observation. At a *séance* on one occasion he went through the regular business of hearing voices, being caressed on the head, and so on, and, describing his experiences, he exclaims, "Sceptics may save themselves the trouble of suggesting illusion, ventriloquism, &c. I know it was a reality; I am sure that voice addressed me, and that it was not the voice of a mortal." It is a pity that every difficulty in the world cannot be so conclusively settled by the *ipse dixit* of an ungrammatical stockbroker. The cool simplicity of such a position is only surpassed by a doctrine of Dr. Nichols himself, that "it is always to be presumed that the man who wants our money wishes to render some equivalent." "The receipt of money affords no presumption of fraud, but rather the contrary;" and, because the two Davenports pocket our guineas, therefore there is strong reason for believing that there is no jugglery in their performances. Nobody doubts that the Davenports do render some equivalent for their receipts, but it is the sort of equivalent which a rustic gets at a mock auction, or a guardsman at a fancy fair. Their conjuring is very second-rate and dull, and they make up for lack of cleverness in their own vocation by calling in an alleged supernatural agency. Young ladies at a bazaar palm off worthless trifles at extortionate prices in the name of charity, and Messrs. Davenport, Palmer, Ferguson, and Fay get people to come and see, or rather not to see, poor tricks in the name of a mysterious and preternatural force. Yet, because they charge a sum of money for admission, they are furnishing a strong presumption against any deception or false pretence. It is the existence of persons who can seriously entertain so fatuously benevolent a notion as this that supports and encourages the whole delusion of spiritualism. That anybody who, like Dr. Nichols, has spent forty years in the country of Barnum should think so well of the human nature of public performers, is extremely wonderful.

The gravity with which the author narrates incidents which even confirmed believers in the new revelation would probably reject would make his book amusing if anything could. Some of the domestic manifestations which took place in the home circle of the Davenports in America strike him as extraordinarily interesting. A few friends would be asked to tea, and, when all were seated, the lights would be extinguished. Then the spirits, or force, or whatever else the supernatural agency is to be called, proceeded to draw out the table into the middle of the room, and at once spread the table-cloth, brought the dishes from the pantry, made tea, cut the bread and butter, and filled the cups. It appears that these complaisant spirits were of the tea-loving sex, for while the hospitable preparations were going on, noises were heard like the rustling of women's garments. We can also learn that, in the other world, where the spirits are popularly supposed to be disembodied, the little vanities of our own state of things are not altogether disregarded. For, on one occasion, as Davenport *père* was sitting in the graceful attitude of which Americans are so fond, with his chair tilted back on its hind legs and his own legs in space, he suddenly fell backwards. At first, probably, this was attributed to pretty obvious causes, connected with the centre of gravity, and so on. But the scorners were

promptly and conclusively confounded, for "a communication was rapped out by the alphabetic telegraph in which a lady begged to apologize for the accident, caused, as she said, by the hoops of her 'crinoline' having accidentally caught under the raised leg of the chair in passing." One is curious to know where the spirits get their crinolines manufactured—whether they are "of the same quality as supplied to Ladies of the Principal European Courts;" whether they are fire-proof; and is there some spiritual Moses who supplies male spirits with trousers, and executes orders with combined economy and despatch? Are Balmoral boots and knickerbockers part of the gear of a fashionable spirit, and does she rouge? It is a comfort, at all events, to know that these exalted beings do not neglect the courtesies of life, and that, if they are so unlucky as to send a friend sprawling on the floor, they will at least pay him the compliment of apologizing. The spirits have various other little knacks of terrene life besides wearing crinoline and apologizing. These "invisible intelligences, or mysterious intelligent forces," have actually eaten food in the presence of the two Davenports and their friends. The witnesses to this fact placed cake, fish, and pine-apple, on the table, and, "having provided against any deception," took their seats. The spirits then partook freely of the viands, and talked to their more fleshly associates, sometimes even bringing the corn to them and begging them to share it. A person called Rand declares that an Indian spirit often brought him from the table an ear of maize, and invited him to eat it. Further, says Mr. Rand, this spirit "has taken my hand, placed my fingers between his teeth, and given me sensible evidence of their reality; he has placed my hands upon his head, so that I could feel its form and long straight hair most sensibly." If spirits fulfil human conditions so far as to eat human food, we should expect them also to digest, and, if so, spirits must have a duodenum and gastric and pancreatic juices, and possibly may suffer from dyspepsia. Where is the end of it all? Dr. Nichols for once is partially aware that he is approaching the ludicrous, but unluckily he can only rescue himself by an attempt at explanation which is even more ludicrous than the notion of a spirit with a partiality for eating pine-apple or "liquoring up." He will not admit that there is any evidence of the food being eaten, though he accepts Mr. Rand's testimony to the fact of the spirits having teeth. "As to the disappearance of material objects as in this case," he says, "those who know most of matter will have least difficulty." "In truth, we know so little of matter, and it is so difficult to prove that matter exists, that the most advanced physicists of the present day are disposed to consider all material forms as nothing more than modifications of force." We have heard how

Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin, but surely such nonsense as this was never yet talked about the non-existence of matter. From one point of view it is not only difficult, but impossible, to prove that matter exists. It is impossible to prove anything about the hidden cause of the objects which our senses perceive, but Dr. Nichols argues as if there were no objects of perception. Whether a pine-apple is a modification of force or not, whether it "exists" or not, our senses are cognisant of its presence on a table. Are phenomena governed by no law because we may doubt the existence of any substratum? Matter may not exist, but nobody has ever denied that our senses testify to the existence of phenomena, whether such phenomena are modifications of force or anything else. A man may believe that heat is only a mode of motion, and still not suppose that if he thrusts his hand into a fire he will escape a burn. Berkeley held that matter, the supposed substratum of appearances, was non-existent, but still he took care not to run his head against a wall. He never doubted that there was the phenomenon of a wall, and that the phenomenon had certain properties. Dr. Nichols may hold that matter does not exist—interpreting the phrase as he likes—but he cannot deny that a phenomenon called a gin-cocktail does exist, cognisable by four out of the five senses; and if the phenomenon disappears from a table, the question is not whether matter exists, but why has the phenomenon ceased to appear, and the cocktail been withdrawn from sight, smell, taste, and touch? Mr. Rand would say consistently, that the invisible intelligence had swallowed it, but Dr. Nichols shields himself behind a doctrine of which he does not in the least understand the meaning. He has ignorantly fallen into the very theory which the "coxcombs" stupidly attributed to Berkeley. But a man who can honestly believe, as the author does, that a spiritual crinoline has upset an oak chair, must have some uncommonly original ideas about the nature and properties of matter.

In spite of all his attempts to write like a philosopher, Dr. Nichols plainly shows that he does not see, ever so partially, the true issue between the Davenports or their votaries and other people. Why resort to mystery when common observation will solve every difficulty? Why invent a female with a crinoline to explain how a Yankee fell off his chair? The "manifestations" may be due, indeed, to an invisible force which (though invisible) strangely will only work in the dark, and only when the two Davenports are present. John Wesley persisted in attributing his recovery from illness to prayer combined with a brown paper plaister of egg and brimstone, but it was noticed that his doctor had also prescribed rest, horse exercise, and country air. Dr. Nichols may, if he chooses, resort to preternatural interference, but there is nothing recorded which may not be accounted for in a much simpler way. And the records themselves are to be received with caution. As has been observed by a very eminent thinker, the man who is most deficient in knowledge and mental cultivation is proportionately

* *A Biography of the Brothers Davenport.* By T. L. Nichols, M.D. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1864.

unable to "discriminate between his inferences and the perceptions on which they were grounded." "The narrator relates not what he saw or heard, but the impression which he derived from what he saw or heard, and of which perhaps the greater part consisted of inference, though the whole is related, not as inference, but as matter of fact." Dr. Nichols' book is one long and tedious illustration of this common source of error. It is to be hoped, however, that this silliest of fashionable manias is fast expiring, and we can only wish that the next *entrepreneur* from America may invent some novelty that will be a little more amusing.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.—NEW CANTATAS.*

IT was an unfortunate day for the musical art when some would-be ingenious person first applied the term "colouring" to the orchestral accompaniments of a melody. Not that his misdemeanour calls for the same fervour of malediction which is deserved by the miserable man who invented the cornet-à-piston—that instrument which, though capable of producing tones both of agreeable sweetness and of grave and solemn sadness in the hands of a skilful performer, has become the representative of all that is most detestably vulgar, both in tune and execution, in a generation which has achieved an eminence in musical vulgarity unequalled in former ages. Nevertheless, the evils for which the inventor of this foolish word is answerable are neither few nor small. By the judicious use of a fine sounding adjective, artifice conceives itself to be art, and ingenuity claims the honour due only to imagination. Let a melody be ever so bald and dry, or the construction of a movement ever so weak and thin, only "colour" it well with flutes and clarinets, hautboys and bassoons, and, in the judgment of the composer, it becomes a work of grace and genius. And almost anybody can learn this trick of "colouring." A certain amount of natural taste and critical good sense will enable the most mediocre composer to understand the peculiar effects to be gained by the introduction of the various instruments of an orchestra in varying contrasts; and he has only to dignify his dexterity with the fashionable term to imagine himself almost a Mozart or a Beethoven. As reasonably might Mr. Tupper attempt to bribe us into venerating him as a poet and a philosopher by presenting us with his *Proverbial Philosophy* printed in letters of gold and illuminated by Owen Jones.

As might have been expected, even the soundest musicians and most accomplished composers are to a certain extent led astray by the prevailing fashion. Men of great original genius would undoubtedly follow their own bent, uninfluenced by the reigning mode. But just now we have no great original genius amongst us. Even Germany is a barren land. For the first time since Handel wrote, she has absolutely no great living composer, and there is no sign that the place left vacant by Mendelssohn is about to be filled. Our best men, accordingly, swim with the stream, and too often give to their accompaniments a wholly disproportionate importance, in writing both for the concert-room and the stage. The art of accompanying a song or chorus on the only sound principle of accompaniment is little understood, and less practised. An accompaniment, however charming and attractive in itself, is simply an impertinence if it is not at once a support, an enrichment, and a servant to the melody to which it belongs. An accompaniment that is more attractive than its melody is a flagrant blunder, and there is no error more fatal to good writing than the too popular idea that a poor tune can be converted into a good one by the addition of effective orchestration. A tune that cannot please solely by its own merits is worthless. Further, a really good accompaniment ought to be in structure essentially one with the vocal phrases with which it is interwoven, only such exceptions being allowed as tend to the enforcement of the sentiment of the words by means beyond the reach of the human voice. Such are some of the choruses in *Israel in Egypt*, and in *Elijah*; though it is to be observed that, in the former, the force and intensity of the vocal parts is such as to maintain their supremacy in the midst of accompaniments of marvellous grandeur. In this respect Mendelssohn falls far short of his great predecessor. Apart from their elaborate and nervously agitated accompaniments, his choruses are often comparatively dry and ineffective, his gift of tune being far less developed than his constructive powers as a master of the orchestra.

Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* supplies an example of what we mean by an accompaniment well woven into the structure of its melody. The bass song, "Oh, the earth is fair," is a work of real power, and, wonderful to say in an English composer, it is free from reminiscences of other writers. If it is Handelian, it is so in its sentiment and mode of treatment, and not through any depredation or larceny practised on the legacies of the giant of other days. To our mind it shows a grasp and breadth which are rarely found elsewhere. The "Chorus of Sea-Maidens," on the other hand, in the same cantata, is an illustration both of Mr. Smart's peculiar skill in his own special line, and also, as we think, of a mistake in the character of his accompaniment. Probably no English composer now alive can write elegant and piquant part music better than Mr. Smart; and his success in this way is not only a proof of a real natural gift, but it indicates the soundness of the principles on which he has studied composition as a craft. But here we have a chorus, which

is so tuneful and complete in itself that nothing is needed to set it off, wedded to an accompaniment commonplace in its form, and at the same time interfering with the clear and limpid flow that characterizes the melody and its harmonies. Taking the cantata as a whole, we are disposed to say that it errs throughout in the same direction. It is over-instrumented, while at the same time it has so much spirit, elegance, and spontaneity as to be eminently attractive without any of these fashionable gewgaws. Theoretically we have no doubt that Mr. Smart agrees with us in thinking that an over-instrumented piece of music is as objectionable as an over-dressed woman; and there is so much good solid stuff in the *Bride of Dunkerron* that we venture to expect still better things from its composer by and by. As it is likely to be brought out in London, we must express a hope that Mr. Smart will insist upon thorough and complete rehearsing, or the beauties of the work will be lost in its elaboration. There is not an orchestra in England which is to be trusted never to go astray. Even Mr. Manns' admirably governed band sometimes escapes from its conductor's control, and we have known it overpower even Mr. Santley's loudest and most energetic tones.

That Mr. Sullivan can write a thoroughly good song, with an accompaniment satisfying the most exacting of censors, is already proved by his "Where the bee sucks," in his *Tempest* music. We are therefore disposed to be the more angry with him for having done so little to advance his reputation in *Kenilworth*. A composer, especially a young one, should remember that he is always competing with himself; and, if he does not advance, his early success will prove to have been the ruin of his reputation. Not that *Kenilworth* has not real merits, and those clear and decided. If its composer will give himself time to work hard on a good *libretto*, distrust the fascinations of orchestral "colouring," and eschew all notion of writing for the shops, he will achieve something worthy to follow his first success. *Kenilworth* itself is a proof that its author can do far better. The "Brisk Dance," for instance, is an excellent and lively thought, though not sufficiently worked out; and the duet, "How sweet the moonlight," is full of elegant phrasing and flowing ideas. The final chorus also displays a breadth of treatment and simplicity of style that we do not often meet with, especially in a writer whose experience is not great. But the bass song is an experiment on the patience of musicians which cannot be often repeated with impunity. We should further suggest to Mr. Sullivan, and indeed to composers in general, the advisableness of delaying the publication of every new and important work until it has been publicly performed. Every composer who writes from the fullness of his thoughts has a tendency to confound the warmth of his own feelings with the musical expressions in which he has clothed them, and so to overrate the merits of his work as it will appear to the dispassionate hearer. At the first public performance the illusion will usually disappear, and the composer will be painfully struck with deficiencies and redundancies whose existence he has hitherto not even suspected. Mendelssohn himself, with all his gifts and power of foreseeing the ultimate effect of his music, was in the habit of making large alterations after its first performance. This he did almost up to the last, as in the case of the *Elijah*, in which he introduced many corrections after he had heard it for the first time at Birmingham. If the publication of *Kenilworth* had been thus postponed, we can hardly conceive that its author would have given it to the world without sundry rigorous "cuts." For example, there is a recitative which introduces the duet, "How sweet the moonlight," and which closes with the words, "Now speak, Immortal Poetry." Common sense requires that the answer should at once be given to the invocation; instead of which, the composer begins fiddling and fluting away in an interminable prelude, utterly destructive of all dramatic truth and meaning. But strike out the recitative—and it is not worth retaining—and the fiddling and fluting, which is in itself remarkably pretty and flowing, becomes an appropriate introduction to the words and melody that follow; while, as it stands, the hearer can only imagine that "Immortal Poetry" is fast asleep upon the bank, in company with the moonlight, and takes some time to wake herself up for the occasion.

We must add a word or two on the subject of *libretti* for cantatas. A thoroughly good *libretto* is a thing very difficult to write. It is not merely that, regarded as a poem, it should not be so utterly disgraceful as are too many of those on which composers waste their musical skill; it is that the cantata, as such, demands a story of a very peculiar kind. If it is prosy, unexciting, and descriptive, it is unfit for musical expression; but on the other hand, if it is highly dramatic in its "situations," the want of scenery, dresses, and action is painfully felt. The difficulty is to hit the golden mean. Yet without a good *libretto* no composer can do himself justice. Handel's best oratorios are those which have the best words. Mozart's best operas have the best stories. With all the beauties of the *Zauberflöte*, it is plain that the composer was weighed down by the incurable stupidity of the plot. Compare Beethoven's *Adelaide* with his *Lieder Kreis*, and the contrast between the words explains why in the former the composition falls off in its last movement, while the latter becomes more and more intense and overpowering as it approaches its wonderful climax. A music manufacturer can, of course, write as well—or, we should say, as ill—to feeble doggerel as to the noblest verse. But we are speaking to real musicians, and on these we cannot too strongly urge the necessity of securing a satisfactory *libretto* before they put one note of their music upon paper.

* *The Bride of Dunkerron*. The Verse by F. Enoch; the Music by Henry Smart. Metzler & Co.

Kenilworth. Words by Henry F. Chorley; Music by A. S. Sullivan. Chappell & Co.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. II.

WE are hardly satisfied that the *Cornhill Gallery* (Smith and Elder)—that is, a collection of the ordinary woodcuts of the *Cornhill Magazine*—presents enough of artistic sinew and permanent value to be published separately. But the publishers think differently; and they give us here a hundred woodcuts, the "pictures" of "Framley Parsonage," "Romola," and "Lovel," and some other stories well-known to the readers of magazines. They are excellently mounted, and printed from the blocks themselves in their virgin freshness, for the cuts issued in the magazine were only worked from electrotype blocks. The artists are, among others, Millais, Thackeray, and Leighton, who take the lion's share. For the most part, Millais' contributions show his old powers of drawing and ready hand, while Thackeray's suggestive sketches recall the pleasant fancy of an artist whose conceptions were far ahead of his powers of execution. Leighton is unequal, as an illustrator so prolific must needs be. By far the best of the series is the last, Mr. Noel Paton's woodcut of Ulysses, which almost rivals, as it directly recalls, the massive cutting, almost hatchetting, of Albert Dürer himself.

Pictures of English Life (Low and Marston) is a somewhat ambitious volume. It follows an accredited type—that of a poem and a picture elucidating each other. The poet here is Mr. J. G. Watts; the draftsmen are Mr. Barnes and Mr. Wimperis; the engraver is Mr. Cooper; the subject is English Cottage Life. Suggestions of Wordsworth, on the one hand, and of Wilkie, on the other, meet us in turning over these handsome pages; to say which is to say a good deal by way of commendation. The drawing of the Life Boat exhibits most vigour, that of Charity most sentimentalism, and that of the Shy Child most grace. There are signs of thought and promise in the artists engaged on this volume.

In *Studies for Stories* (Strahan); two unostentatious and small volumes, there are no pictures, and in the tales there seems to be no sensation, and scarcely the skeleton of a plot. They are what they assume to be, "Studies"; that is, a certain character, generally illustrating some moral bias or tendency, is worked out in an unpretending spirit, and with a religious purpose. The result may be a trifle tedious, but the work is painstaking, real, and unaffected. The authoress—for the lady's fair hand is prominent enough—is perhaps reserved for higher successes. If this is a first attempt, it is full of promise.

"The Gift Book of the Season," as it, not with too much modesty, styles itself, comes before us in the shape of an ambitious edition of Longfellow's *Hyperion* (A. W. Bennett). If all our readers were appealed to in their deep inner consciousness, and were asked whether they had ever read Longfellow's *Hyperion*, or whether Longfellow's *Hyperion* was in prose or verse, we can anticipate some boggling and fencing with the question. Well, then, Longfellow's *Hyperion* is a prose romance; and of course it is familiar to us all. But what is not familiar to us all is such an exquisite and elaborate series of photographs of Rhine-land scenery and Swiss scenery as Mr. Bennett has glorified Longfellow with. If our memory serves us well, it was Mr. Bennett who first illustrated gift-books with photographs; and if practice makes perfect, the publisher has earned the right to be perfect. These photographs are little short of perfection; and it is something to recur to the facts which the sun gives us, after being for some years saturated with Birket Foster and the Brothers Dalziel.

Jephthah's Daughter (Low and Marston) is the work of a Canadian poet, Mr. Heavysege. The first element in the writer's name is illustrated by his muse, but the poem is not without some good points and much good feeling. Some smaller poems, sonnets and the like, are added. The chief interest of his little volume is in its colonial origin. We do not recall another instance of a colonial poet.

On its first appearance, we welcomed with all the honours and due congratulations the sumptuous edition of the *New Testament* to which Mr. Longman has personally devoted so much time, capital, and reverent care. Eminently a book of artistic luxury, it was beyond the purchasing powers of more than the select two hundred and fifty who eagerly exhausted the first and large-paper edition. We have now to record the publication, at a manageable price, of a small-paper edition, which, except in this particular, is the same as its full-sized predecessor. The book is a credit to British art in its many branches of design, typography, and the craft of paper-making. It may seem to be a back-handed compliment if we pronounce that, almost for the first time, printing has recurred to its original perfection of press-work. Printing sprung almost full-grown into life, and the Missals and Horæ of the fifteenth century are now, and now only, rivalled in the nineteenth. For purposes of comparison, we should like to see a copy of this noble volume on vellum; it would almost make Dibdin shake in his ashes. If a gift-book combining matter which commands itself to the highest feelings, and material beauty and completeness of execution which will attract, and in most cases satisfy, the most fastidious taste, can command popular and permanent success, the Longman *New Testament* is likely to live, and centuries hence to be sought for by collectors. In one respect, we think we detect an improvement on the first edition; Mr. Clay has succeeded in printing from the blocks in a uniform and subdued sepia tint, which gets rid of the ordinary glare of patchy black and white woodcuts. That is to say, the ink is toned. If we were disposed to be critical, we should demur to the eclectic

range with which the great Italian masters have been copied, from Orcagna down to Luca Giordano, as injurious to the formation of a pure taste in the popular mind. Nor, again, is it quite fair to the great masters to reproduce one of Michael Angelo's half-acres of canvas and a delicate little miniature of Fra Angelico on the same scale. Moreover, the circumstance that some of the pages are framed, and some only headed and tailed, with the—so to say—east and west margins left blank, is, to our eyes, an artistic disfigurement.

The *Book of Psalms*, with a Biblical Commentary (Orme), is only a transcript of the Psalter, with so-called parallel passages transcribed.

In many respects, the Pictorial Edition of the *Book of Common Prayer* (Ward and Lock) seems to emulate Mr. Longman's *New Testament*; that is to say, there is a profusion of illustrative woodcuts, many of them from old sources, and of initial letters, all representing scriptural subjects. As reminiscences of good art, many of these blocks have their value; but they are rudely, and not always accurately, drawn, and they are almost all taken from later and sensuous schools. There are also sketches of the English cathedrals and greater churches interspersed which we think we have seen before; and we are not sure that the whole is not an adaptation of one of Mr. Knight's publications. The edition, however, is not without its value, and makes a handsome volume which deserves success. Notes are appended, which are taken, but without acknowledgment, from Wheatley and the ordinary sources. We may mention that little editorial care seems to have been expended on it; for here we find all the four State Services, one of which has been abolished, and the Thirty-nine Articles, which are no part of the Prayer Book. This is not a merely critical cavil. For while the Book of Common Prayer embodies the terms of communion accepted by all members of the English Church, no layman whatever, except a few academics bound by subscription, is required, or even supposed, to know of the existence of the Articles, which are a clerical document exclusively.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes (Routledge) recurs in one particular to the old type of annuals. That is to say, seven lady authoresses have combined to produce a sort of domestic bouquet of nursery rhymes, children's verses, and poemlets—all about childhood, childhood's ways, and childhood's joys and sorrows. The ladies' verses are, of course, of unequal merit; many of them are graceful, and all suitable to the purpose—or nearly all. A single artist, Mr. Houghton, has drawn the illustrations with considerable vigour and remarkable variety. He is most successful when most simple, while certain ambitious effects of light and shade occasionally fail. The Brothers Dalziel are the xylographists, if there is such a word. We predict popularity, and a deserved popularity, for this production.

The *Little Darling at Home* (Dulau) is a reproduction and translation of a monograph—as the official phrase is—of a little girl's day. The artist is Frölich, and it need not be said that the twenty-four drawings are artistic; but the effect is monotonous, and, as we fear, little children long for good dabby effects of colour in their books in preference to artistic lines.

The literary history of *Cook's Voyages* has yet to be written. Much of the authorized edition by Hawkesworth is little to be depended upon. Messrs. Black have published a small abridgement of these famous voyages, edited by the late Mr. Barrow, with new, and few, illustrations. We own to a longing preference for the coarse and inaccurate and perhaps mendacious copper plates of the folio which was the delight of our childhood. However, in these accurate days of authentic literature, boys may be reasonably grateful for so pretty a little book as this.

Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature* (Bell and Daldy) has long since arrived at the dignity of a schoolroom classic. In this stage of popularity it may well claim to rise to the "illustrated" phase of development; and very well it is illustrated, and by artists of mark—Tenniel, the very clever W. B. Scott Frölich, and the great animal draftsmen, Wolff and Weir. There is a life and *élan* in the drawings which tell.

The volume of *Temple Anecdotes* (Groombridge) has a point and object, and a good one. It seeks to group together the little facts and apparent accidents which have either stimulated or provoked mechanical inventions. This point is nicely worked out; and the volume, a cheap and unambitious one, is well calculated to fertilize the seeds of thought and ambition in young minds.

We do not much like Bible and Water; if the Scriptures are to be diluted and brought down to an infantine apprehension, let it be done orally. With this protest against the principle of the *Child's Commentator* (Jackson and Walford), by Mr. Cobbin, we may remark that here are some attractive and some repulsive pictures; and that, as to the commentary, it might have been much worse.

The *White Wife*, by Cuthbert Bede (Low and Marston), is an original work, and one of considerable research. Indeed, it has a decided archaeological value, being a collection of wild stories, legends, traditions, and what we fear we must call gossip, surviving in Argyleshire. The gentleman—and he is a good scholar—who writes under this pseudonym has made Highland folklore a special object of study; and in the present volume, quaintly and very appropriately illustrated by himself, he has made a genuine contribution to literature far above the character, frequently ephemeral, of gift-books.

The Annual, for such it seems to be, put forth by the Etching Club assumes this year sumptuous proportions. Formerly a single poem, such as Goldsmith's "Elegy" or "Deserted Village," was illustrated by the associated, yet contrasted, aid of the different

members. On one occasion we were presented with a pleasant *pasticcio*, if we may so call it, of a single subject interpreted by the members separately, each giving his own version, and reflecting the same suggestion under many and often opposite styles. In this year's *Selection of Etchings* (Cundall) no order or plan has been adopted. Twelve of the most popular artists of the day—Millais, Hook, Holman Hunt, &c.—have contributed each a characteristic little study, on which they have expended much pains and individuality. Every single etching may stand as a sort of specimen of the artist. In no case do we consider any one etching in the present collection a great work; but it stands to the artist, and his whole manner and style, much as the *motif* of a piece of music does to the whole composition. It is the artist presented in shorthand. The result perhaps is that, as compositions, most of these plates look somewhat commonplace. We all know that a characteristic bit of Millais would be a young girl with a very ugly face, finely drawn and with resolute draperies. Hook is sure to present himself in an oval-faced lad, who is always painted from a single model, with an honest but rather stupid countenance, engaged in some marine pursuit. And here they all are just as they ought to be, and just as we expected them to be. Still, such a set of pattern cards has a great artistic value. The etchings are most carefully rendered; and in a small compass we have the artist's very essence compressed and packed within the smallest space.

The *Illustrated Goldsmith* and the *Illustrated Arabian Nights* (Ward and Lock) seem to be portions of a series of British classics. They are fully illustrated by cuts from the exuberant *atelier* of the Brothers Dalziel; Mr. Pinwell being the draughtsman of the *Goldsmith*, and some famous hands—Millais, Tenniel, and others—being contributors to the *Arabian Nights*. Dr. Dülcken acts as editor to each publication. We can speak highly of either, especially of the famous Arabian stories. We are glad to find that Dr. Dülcken has gone back to the old and familiar translation of Forster. Mr. Lane's version is, of course, more scholarly; but we sigh for the mouth-filling, fancy-satisfying Camaralzamans and Zobeides of our youth. And the pictures are much more Oriental and true than Harvey's scratchy and mannered prints which accompanied Lane's translation. This is likely to be a classical edition; and the Goldsmith drawings by Mr. Pinwell, if not equal to Mulready's, show thought, and an intelligent study of the author.

We must observe that the terms Gift Book and Christmas Book are construed by bookmakers and booksellers with considerable and perplexing laxity. A serial of monthly twopenny numbers is at Christmas time collected into a volume and advertises itself as a Christmas Book. Here is an example, in the *Church of England Temperance Magazine*, which must be a very gay and jolly companion for the Christmas festivities. By way of specimen we quote an Ode to Water, which would have made Pindar stare:—

Is not water
The sky's daughter;
Nature's charter,
Which all may scan?

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual maintains its well-established reputation. *Young England* (Tweedie) is another boys' monthly which presents itself as a candidate for Christmas honours in a collected shape.

In another direction, we observe a lax interpretation of the Christmas Book proper. Any book on a publisher's catalogue which has attained a name makes its annual bow, and puts in a claim for Christmas honours and Christmas purchasers. Such are Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, an old favourite with the public (Smith and Elder); *Lost among the Affghans*, that queer narrative whose authenticity looked so doubtful (Smith and Elder); *Domestic Stories*, by the author of *John Halifax*, a carefully worked set of tales (Smith and Elder); and *Golden Words* (J. H. and J. Parker), a devotional work consisting of selections from "standard English divines," very prettily printed and bound.

This brings us to another class—that of so-called "good" books. Among which we may specify *Golden Light* (Routledge), which, being interpreted, means Bible Histories, with eighty pictures, stiffly but not inaccurately drawn, by Hawes; a trilogy of Scripture tales under the general title of *Stories of Old* (Smith and Elder), being the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Acts, brought down to what is supposed to be the Sunday School comprehension; and *Good Stories* (Macintosh), a fasciculus by Mr. Erskine Clarke.

Mr. Beeton, the prolific publisher of popular annuals, aims at a distinct and palpable style of illustration. He is not afraid either of the grotesque or of exaggeration, and we are by no means convinced that this "loud" style of picture does not in many cases tell better than more artistic work. Witness his *Gulliver's Travels*, most profusely illustrated, not without reference to Gavarni; and *Tales of the Wars*, by a Mr. Tillotson, which means the Dutch wars of the sixteenth century, with a good many, and not always accurate, woodcuts.

Mr. Bentley has reissued, and he could not do better, his famous illustrated *Ingoldby Legends*. The present year's edition, which is likely to be an annual one, contains the prose legends and one new illustration by Tenniel.

We group together, by no means pretending that in our previous notices we have not occasionally set at naught all principles of logical division, a whole cloud of literary Bashi Bazouks, the irregular cavalry of the season, the light artillery of the book world. They are chiefly boys' books, and belong to the class of that stimulating literature which is supposed to represent or to address the

animal element of youthful activity and adventure. Such are—*Waps of the Ocean* (Marlborough), all about pirates, shipwrecks, voyages round the world, &c.; the *Young Yachtsman* (Routledge), a wreck and desert island tale, doing some Northern voyages and travels into a fiction; the *White Brunswickers*, by Mr. H. C. Adams (Routledge), a much higher work in point of style and composition.

Addressed especially to young ladies—we find *Helen's Diary* (Seely and Jackson); *Famous Girls* (Virtue), and the very publisher for such a book, and *Effie's Friends* (Nisbet).

And for still younger folk, we have *Fun and Earnest* (Griffith and Farran), a collection of grotesque verses, illustrated with most amusing and clever cuts by that excellent and humorous artist, Mr. C. Bennett; *Echoes of an Old Bell* (Griffith and Farran), a set of fairy tales, by Miss Bethell; *Littlehope Hall* (Smith and Elder), by Miss Lushington; and *Tales of Filial Love* (Darton and Hodge).

Ascending once more into the regions of practical life, we close our notice with the real annuals—*Letts' Diaries*, in every form and at every price; *De la Rue's Pocket Books*, suited for every purchaser, and ranging from the purple velvet and white satin of the lady's writing-table to the solid and useful roan for the counting-house—by the way, why does this excellent publisher use lake instead of vermilion for his red ink?—and our old friend, *Punch's Almanac*, very funny, but not with the fun of Leech.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMODORE NUTT and MINNIE WARREN.—On Monday Evening, and during the week, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, at Eight o'clock only, in consequence of their Engagement at the Crystal Palace during the day. COMMODORE NUTT and MINNIE WARREN, Best Man and Bridesmaid to General TOWN and Wife, will give ONE LEVÉE each Evening, and appear in a Melange of Songs, Dances, Duets, &c. Change of Programme at each Levée.
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SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The ANIMAL PRODUCTS COLLECTION and Part of the STRUCTURE COLLECTION will be CLOSED to the Public after January 1, 1865, in order to prepare for removal of Part of the Iron Building.
By Order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

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LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—On December 10, and the two following days, an EXAMINATION will be held at this College for the Election to a Scholarship of £20 a year, tenable for three years, in the Head Master's house. Candidates must not have exceeded the age of sixteen on the day of election.—For further information apply to the Rev. the Head-Master.
Leamington, November 4, 1864.

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